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WHO WANTS A FOUNDLING? Anyone interested will please apply to Senator Reed of Pennsylvania, who recently introduced a military conscription bill into Congress practically identical with that passed in 1917. It received such a cold welcome that Senator Reed has since felt called upon to protect his reputation by declaring that he is not the brat's father, dislikes the infant violently, and only brought it to the Capitol at the request of its real progenitor, the War Department. But the War Department, equally alarmed at the disfavor with which the child has been received, is dodging the responsibilities of parenthood also. The fact seems to be that the proposed conscription measure is regarded as a little too crude in this day even for the militarists. It gives all the old exemptions to public officials and the like and contains no hint of the American Legion's proposal to conscript property as well as life. So the War Department is going to "leave the child lay" on the Capitol steps, and announces that it will present its own infant for the blessing of the regular sessions of Congress next winter. The War Department's darling, it is promised, will be dressed in the mode prescribed by the Legion. We predict that the clothing will be sheer shoddy; property will not be conscripted equally with life, nor will the workers be put on an equality with the privileged. But in any event we don't want the child. The American public should act as no beaming nurse to say to the War Department some day next winter: "It's a boy." Instead it should walk up with a pamphlet in its hand and announce: "Here's something on birth control."

BY A VOTE OF 206 TO 24 the Republican organization in the House of Representatives bound itself on May 23 to vote on the tariff-revision bill five days later. The purchase price for this agreement to limit debate was 91 concessions on tariff rates—log-rolling, back-scratching concessions, which the leaders hoped would prevent a separate vote on many of the most controversial items, such as sugar. Among the changes a duty was put on hides and also one on boots and shoes—these being taken from the free list although no one can aver with a straight face that our domestic shoemakers are perishing from European competition. The going is good, so the motto is "Grab while you can!" It is, of course, obvious that even with these changes the tariff bill bears no relation to the measure which will eventually be passed and signed. But this incident is of importance because it shows clearly how complete the machine control of the House is and how easily debate is now restricted by the will of the three or four men who dominate. To this pass would the Senate have been brought had Mr. Dawes had his way and the rules been changed as he wished. As it is, the Senate continues our one remaining debating body. So far from bemoaning the fact that there may be indefinite discussion in the Senate, we hope that it will keep talking all summer and that no limitation of debate will take place. Only thus will it be possible to present some of the facts in regard to a measure that adds gravely to the cost of living.

THE SOUTHERN TEXTILE STRIKES have ended, and the only strikers who emerge with a substantial victory are the unorganized workers of the Brandon cotton mills in South Carolina. The great strike of rayon workers at Elizabethton, Tennessee, ended abruptly on May 27 in a "compromise settlement" under which the company agreed to receive the application of strikers for reinstatement and to leave to the decision of its new personnel manager the right of any "undesirable" strikers to regain their former jobs. To accept such a settlement and pretend that it is worth fighting for is a dangerous thing for any union to do, and it is particularly dangerous for the United Textile Workers, who accepted such unsatisfactory terms at the end of the New Bedford strike last year. A militant union would choose to go down in utter defeat rather than dignify such a surrender of basic labor rights as a "settlement." The unorganized strikers of South Carolina, with none of the resources of the American Federation of Labor behind them, won about 85 per cent of their demands for the

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abolition of the stretch-out system and have returned to work with a promise of no discrimination. In Gastonia, North Carolina, the Communist-led strike is dragging on with the few remaining strikers who were evicted from mill-village houses, but the strike has been defeated.

JUSTICE AND DECENCY are a dangerous ferment to set at work in an industry long since given over to a regime of sodden repression. The mines of the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company have for some nine months operated on a union contract establishing working conditions and wages arrived at by agreement, not with a company-owned company union, but with a local of the United Mine Workers of America. The result of this policy and of the sober business sense of the managers and officers of this one coal company has been an increase in production per man and a new spirit of interest and loyalty in the miners. All over the northern field in Colorado non-union operators have clamped on the lid and combined with the banks to repress this dangerous element, and miners in non-union mines have watched their union brothers in the Rocky Mountain Company with restless envy. As the result of petitions filed by certain non-union workers the Colorado Industrial Commission recently held hearings to consider the question of working conditions and wages. Percy Tetlow of the United Mine Workers represented the men and put on the stand as one of his witnesses Powers Hapgood, who for months has been working in the northern Colorado mines. The commission also heard the statement of Merle D. Vincent, president of the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company, who spoke in behalf of the union agreement. The outcome of the hearings was an almost complete victory for the men. The commission handed down an award granting the same working conditions and wages as those in force in the union mines and directed the employers also to "allow the right of collective bargaining."

THE GANGS OF CHICAGO have decided that war and lack of organization are both out of date. According to a United Press dispatch, the "Big Four" gangs of that progressive city have entered into what appears to be a combination of disarmament protocol, peace pact, and merger. Killing is prohibited and gangsters are forbidden to carry arms. The right to use machine-guns is limited to an "executive committee," and any enterprising gangster who violates the pact will be dealt with by this committee. The penalty, we need hardly state, is death. By the terms of the merger profits from various rackets will be split among the "Big Four." The list of the sources of income—which amounts to about $15,000,000 a year—is given in the report. It includes, with charming simplicity of terms, three dog-racing tracks, three gaming houses, Vice, Beer, and the Unione Siciliano. By the new pact Al Capone, who after years of spectacular freedom in Chicago is serving one year in a Philadelphia jail on the ignominious charge of carrying concealed weapons, is deposed as the master of Chicago's underworld. Johnny Torrio takes his place. "Past grievances," such as the St. Valentine's Day unpleasantness—when seven gangsters were mowed down with machine-guns by other gangsters—are to be forgotten. From now on, in the face of mass-production methods on the part of the "Big Four," the little independent racketeers in Chicago will be in somewhat the same plight as the independent booksellers, grocers, and cigar-store owners who have lately been filling the air with complaints. If they are to survive, they will have to sign a Kellogg pact of their own—with machine-gun sanctions—or join the existing league.

JUSTICE IN AMERICA is led down strange alleys of ignorance and cruelty. A six-year-old child in Paintsville, Kentucky, was sentenced to spend fifteen years in the reformatory, after having been convicted on a charge of homicide for killing his eight-year-old playmate with his father's gun. Sentence has been stayed by a higher court, but the case is still pending. Less than a week before his conviction, Carl Newton Mahan "had a fight," as he himself put it in court, with his chum Cecil Van Hoose. Carl went into the house and took a gun from its rack, as he had, no doubt, seen his father do many times. He aimed the gun at Cecil and pulled the trigger. Cecil fell and when a neighbor came Carl cried and ran away. The jury, composed of farmers in the county, took twenty-five minutes to decide that a baby of six was guilty of manslaughter; and the judge, though he had intimated to the jurors that the child did not know the significance of his crime, was forced to sentence Carl to spend the years until his twenty-first birthday in a reformatory. Carl's father, who owned the gun, apparently was not even reprimanded. That this ferocious verdict will be upheld is incredible, but if it is, one career only is open to the child Carl Mahan. After fifteen years of reformatory training and associations, he need only make his way to Chicago and get a gun. Any gang will be delighted to receive him as a member in full standing.

ONCE MORE A PROHIBITION enforcement officer has been acquitted in the killing of a suspected bootlegger. About a year ago Jacob Hanson, a respectable citizen of Niagara Falls, was driving on a public highway at night. A coast guardsman ordered him to stop and fired two shots at his tires. Hanson speeded up. A little further on another coast guardsman, Glenn Jennings, fired. Hanson died of his wounds two months later. Jennings has just been acquitted by a federal jury of second-degree manslaughter. The case is similar to a particularly brutal killing which took place a few weeks ago in Virginia. James Kendrick, seventeen, a student at Emory and Henry College, was riding at night with two friends in a coupe. A high-powered car sped by them and stopped a little distance ahead. As the three boys passed, a shot was fired. The driver of the coupe speeded up. There was another shot. Some minutes later it was discovered that Kendrick had been killed by a bullet which had been fired at such close range that it had passed through the steel back of the car and through the victim's head, smashing the windshield in front. A policeman and two deputy sheriffs who acknowledged the killing said they had signaled the boys to stop, having mistaken them for bootleggers. They are under arrest. The student body of Kendrick's college has passed a resolution asking Governor Byrd to investigate. It happens that Kendrick, unlike most unfortunate victims of a dry agent's suspicions, was a member of a prominent and wealthy family. Perhaps, in this case (since justice in America often appears to be on the side of wealth), the agents of the law will not be acquitted in the style to which they are accustomed.

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THE CAT-AND-DOG FIGHT which now seems inevitable in China between Feng Yu-hsiang and Chiang Kai-shek will be a bloody and farcical ending to the dream of a unified nation. As between Feng and Chiang there is little to choose. Feng is probably the better administrator, with a more genuine interest in the workers and peasants of his country, while Chiang is better prepared to keep the nation unified because he is the official head of the Nationalist Party. Personal jealousy and arrogance have been the chief factors in bringing these two giants of the Nationalist movement into open warfare. Chiang would not trust Feng to take over the province of Shantung from Japan, and his distrust had a sound basis in the frequent treacheries of Feng in the past. The "Christian" general always has been the most slippery of friends, favoring Russia one day and denouncing her the next, pledging allegiance to the left-wing Nationalists at Hankow on the very day when he was agreeing to support Chiang Kai-shek's Government at Nanking. Now Feng has concluded that Chiang's hold upon China is so weak that he can take over the northern part of the country for himself, and Chiang's Nanking Government has replied by expelling Feng from the Kuomintang. Although Chiang suppressed the recent Wuhan rebellion in Central China very easily, this battle with Feng is likely to be another story. To the group of disgruntled militarists in Feng's forces may be added many of the workers, peasants, and left-wing leaders who remain loyal to the original program of Sun Yat-sen. And the tragedy of the whole battle is that neither side is worth dying for, neither leader is worthy of the high hopes with which the Chinese revolution began. When the whole affray is ended the rebuilding of China must begin all over again.

IRONY WILL PRESIDE over the visit to Russia this summer of the delegation of American business men organized by the American Russian Chamber of Commerce. The memory of man is short and few people will recall the fact that Americans who trade with the Soviets still do so without the sanction or protection of their government; and even fewer will remember that only two summers ago a similar group of business men, attending the meeting in Stockholm of the International Chamber of Commerce, decided to go to Russia to study trade conditions but gave up the trip under direct pressure from the State Department at Washington. This year an invitation will be issued to all members of the International Chamber of Commerce—meeting at Amsterdam—to join the delegation, which will spend four weeks in Russia by special arrangement with the Soviet authorities. Times have changed. Trade with Russia rose last year to an amount more than twice as large as in the year before the war. Several of our greatest industrial concerns have signed contracts with Soviet economic organizations. And so it is considered legitimate and safe for American business men to go as delegates to Soviet Russia, to be welcomed and feted by Soviet officials, to make friends with the Russian people, to eat their food, admire their scenery, and incidentally look over their mines and factories and oil-wells. If irony presides over this pilgrimage, satisfaction and hope for the future will be there too. For this is almost the first public sign of a return of sanity on the part of official America. When American hustlers and Russian Bolsheviks, sitting together on the deck of a Volga riverboat with their feet on the rail, torture the mild summer night with the strains of the "Boat Song," we may consider one era of madness past.

IT WAS THE MEXICAN GOVERNMENT'S order that the clergy of all denominations register—as do members of other professions in Mexico—that precipitated the withdrawal of the priests from the churches on August 1, 1926. The Mexican bishops, acting presumably under instructions from the Vatican, contended that the act of registering was a subordination of the spiritual to the lay authorities, an infringement of state upon church violative of divine and natural law and intolerable to the church. How surprising therefore to read in a recent United Press dispatch from Rome that the Fascist Minister of Justice, Alfredo Rocco, had presented to the Parliament "for passage" a bill by which "ministers of non-Catholic religions must be registered upon nomination with the Ministry of Justice." Mexico's legislation applied equally to all sects and was accepted there without protest by all but the Roman Catholic. The Italian law, which undoubtedly has the sanction of the Vatican, applies to the non-Catholic denominations only. Such action on the part of the Roman Catholic church, hard upon its restoration—possibly but temporary—to temporal power in Italy, justly gives concern throughout the world, and not least to many Catholics in the United States who, steeped in the American tradition of religious liberty, will find it difficult to reconcile the variations of attitude, based on time and place, of the "universal" and "eternal" church.

OUR FAVORITE ROVER—until we surrender our heart to somebody else—is Paul Muller, who arrived in Havana, Cuba, on May 12 after sailing and rowing across the Atlantic alone in a twenty-five-foot boat. We like Muller for his feat, although it has been done a number of times before. What we like best about Muller, though, is that he tackled the Atlantic lone-handed to satisfy his soul rather than to cash in on the attendant publicity. Muller seems to have carried in his pocket no contract to cable his adventures to a newspaper syndicate, and is not yet reported as having signed a vaudeville contract or made arrangements to talk over the radio—although we have an uneasy feeling as to what may happen when he reaches New York. Anyhow, so far so good. Muller was practically inarticulate when asked for his story by the newspapermen of Havana, but he sat down at once and wrote a twenty-four-page letter to his sweetheart in Germany. Nor do we imagine that more than fifty words of the epistle to Agatha (for that is her name) were about the trip. If Muller is wise and human (and it seems that he is both) at least twenty-three of the twenty-four pages were devoted to telling Agatha what he thought of her, how much he had thought of her, how he hadn't thought of anyone else, what a brute he was to leave her, and how his one wish was to return to her at the earliest possible moment. Indeed Muller confided the latter fact to the newspapermen. He said he wanted to return to Germany, buy a farm, marry Agatha, and settle down. But the newspapermen might safely have written that without the telling. With individual variations, it has been the fixed ambition of every rover since roving began.

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The Value of the Railroads

THE decision of the United States Supreme Court annulling the order of the Interstate Commerce Commission in the O'Fallon railway case is based on two unwarranted assumptions. The first is "that Congress has directed that values shall be fixed upon a consideration of present costs, along with all other pertinent facts; and this mandate must be obeyed." The Transportation Act of 1920, under which the O'Fallon case arises, does not say that reproduction cost is an element of value. The act requires the commission to "give due consideration to all the elements of value recognized by the law of the land for rate-making purposes." Neither the Transportation Act nor the Valuation Act of 1913 prescribes the elements of value entering into the rate base. There is no law of the land on the elements of value other than the Supreme Court's interpretation of the Fifth Amendment to the Constitution. It is the Supreme Court itself that has prescribed the elements of value and thus made them the law.

The law on valuation is uncertain. In the O'Fallon decision, the Supreme Court cites five cases and quotes the rule of Smyth *vs.* Ames; but the court fails to say anything of the Galveston and Georgia cases. These cases are as much the law of the land as the Bluefield and Telephone cases; and in following the precedent of the Georgia case the Interstate Commerce Commission was justified in believing that it had complied with the law. In the Georgia case a State commission fixed the value of the utility's property in this manner: All the property, except land, acquired prior to 1914 was valued at the cost of reproduction in 1914; to this was added the actual cost of improvements since 1914 and the full market value of the land at the time of the valuation. The Interstate Commerce Commission used this method in valuing the O'Fallon.

The second assumption of the Supreme Court is that the commission failed to consider reproduction cost. It says: "Four dissenting commissioners declare that reproduction costs were not considered; and the report itself confirms their view." The report of the dissenting commissioners speaks of the failure to give "weight in the legal sense" to reproduction cost. This term has never been used by the courts in valuation cases. The dissenting commissioners impute to the term a meaning far beyond the "due consideration" prescribed by the Transportation Act. Justice Stone, in his dissenting opinion, says there is no positive rule of law requiring the use of reproduction cost under all circumstances. This was the view of the Supreme Court in the Georgia case. Justice Brandeis, speaking for the court in the Georgia case, said: "Here the commission gave careful consideration to the cost of reproduction; but it refused to adopt reproduction cost as the measure of value."

In the O'Fallon case the Interstate Commerce Commission gave the "due consideration" prescribed by the Transportation Act. It devoted fifteen of the forty-four pages of its report to a consideration of the theoretical and practical difficulties in the application of reproduction cost to the valuation of railroads, particularly the O'Fallon. The commission did more than *consider* reproduction cost and reject it. In the valuation of land, an important item i railroad property, the commission allowed full market value On several occasions the Supreme Court has held that thi is sufficient to fulfil the requirement that a utility b given the benefit of the increase in the value of its property

On these two assumptions the Supreme Court has an nulled an order of the Interstate Commerce Commissio and has plunged the question of fixing the value of rail roads into confusion. The plan of the Interstate Commerc Commission promised the application of a uniform principl of valuation to all railroads. The decision of the Suprem Court now places the worth of railroads in the same un certain position as the valuation of local utilities. It ma be exceedingly harmful, too, in leading public utilities t demand higher valuations than they are getting now.

The ultimate effect of the O'Fallon decision on rail road property cannot be predicted with certainty until th Supreme Court passes upon a valuation under another pla Probably the court will finally approve a valuation consid erably less than reproduction cost. From the general atti tude of the Supreme Court in other valuation cases it woul seem the court will approve an estimate about 25 per cen higher than that under the plan of the commission.

The decision is not likely to cause a material increas in rates. Rates are based on *fixed* and *operating* charges If rates are increased, the increase will not be in proportio to the increased valuation, but in the proportion that fixe charges bear to all charges. A general increase of 25 pe cent in the rate base will affect the rate schedules differ ently. For the Southern Pacific, with fixed charges of abou 30 per cent of all charges, rates would have to be increase about 7 per cent to yield a return on the higher valuation For the Pennsylvania, with fixed charges of about 14 pe cent of all charges, rates would have to be increased abou 3 per cent to yield a return on the higher valuation. The long-haul western roads, with relatively heavy fixed charges will be unable to raise rates without diminishing traffic The eastern roads that could sustain higher rates are thos that have recapturable income, and these roads will prefe to use the higher valuation to reduce the recapturable in come. Far-sighted railroad executives will hesitate long be fore asking for higher rate schedules that would lead to a demand for more restrictive railroad legislation.

The ruling will have the effect of largely nullifying the recapture provision of the Transportation Act of 1920 The number of roads with recapturable income, and th amount of recapturable income, may be very small. The recapture provision of the Transportation Act will be dis tinctly less important in the next few years. The effectiv use of the recapture provision requires a well-distributed ex cess earning capacity, and will be more difficult under a higher rate base.

The decision is a stimulus to litigation. The Suprem Court will be flooded with railroad valuation cases, as it ha been with local utility valuation cases. Every railroad wit recapturable income will want to appeal to the courts, in th hope of getting a higher valuation.

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Do Ministers Believe in Hell?

PEOPLE in general (and editorial writers in particular) are likely to be a little careless with generalizations about what "everybody knows" and what "nobody nowadays believes." Actual statistics concerning the revalence of ignorance and superstition are likely to be tartling, and those who speculate concerning the disappearnce of the "old-time religion" would do well to take a lance at the tabulations presented in a little book * recently ublished concerning the convictions of 700 ministers.

These curés of souls belong to twenty different Protesant denominations. All hold forth either in Chicago or s immediate environs, and they may therefore be reasonbly considered rather more liberal in their opinions than eir provincial brethren. Yet an amazingly large number f them affirm their belief in the most rigid and humanly epulsive dogmas of fundamentalism. Thus, for example, per cent believe that the devil exists as an actual person nd 53 per cent that hell has an actual location, while 61 er cent cling to the good old assurance that "a considerable art of the human race will suffer eternal punishment beause of their rejection of Christ." Just where and by hom the 1 per cent who hold this comforting conviction ithout believing in the devil and the 8 per cent who hold without believing in hell expect this "considerable part f the human race" to be punished is not clear, but the ays of a revengeful God are mysterious.

So far, then, as the immediate present is concerned, the ld-time religion is in safe hands. From a half to twoirds of all the ministers are thoroughly sound. But when ne turns from them to 200 students in five leading theoogical seminaries the falling off is dreadful to contemplate nd one is amazed to discover how much faith can be lost n the short space of one generation. The number of beevers in the inevitable and eternal damnation of the infidel rops from 60 to 20 per cent, in an actual hell from 53 o 11 per cent, and in an actual devil from 60 to 9 per ent. Moreover, with the crumbling of these fundamentals he whole structure crumbles. Only 18 per cent of these tudents believe in the resurrection of the body, only 8 per ent in the literal inspiration of the Bible, and only 4 per ent that this same Bible "is wholly free from legend."

But there is one little observation well worthy of reark which the compiler of our statistics fails to make: n one place he records the fact that 46 per cent of his minsters hold that a belief in the Virgin Birth is essential to Christian and in another place he sets down the additional fact that only 25 per cent of his theological students ubscribe to this particular dogma. But he does not anyhere draw the obvious conclusion that nearly half the resent ministers must therefore believe that three-fourths f all the present theological students are not Christians at ll. This conclusion does seem, however, inevitable, and o it we cannot but add an inference still more startling: Those among the 46 per cent who assert the necessity of belief in the Virgin Birth, and who happen also to be among the 61 per cent who believe in the inevitable damnation of the infidel, must be compelled to look forward to the time when three-fourths of the men who are to occupy their pulpits will be plunged into eternal hell.

We have always suspected that pious but critical students of the Bible have done more to shake popular faith in that book than professed infidels and that theologians themselves are chiefly responsible for the decline of belief in theological dogmas. Certainly the present statistics will bear us out, and the truculent societies organized from time to time for the purpose of destroying dogmatic belief might just as well leave it to the seminaries to do the work for them. Evidently learning is the great enemy of sound dogma, and the theological colleges are doing rather more to "undermine the faith" of those who are by nature piously inclined than are any of the godless institutions generally inveighed against by the fundamentalists. The theological colleges had best renounce education entirely and place their hopes upon those untutored expositors who are inspired by what Dryden called "much zeal and little sense." Otherwise they are likely to see the whole world reduced to the condition which, according to an anecdote told in the little book from which we are drawing, T. P. O'Connor once hoped for. "Ireland," he said, "is in a devil of a way. Down here we have the Catholics, and up there we have the Protestants, and they're at each other's throats all the time." A pause, and then: "I often wish they were all of them heathen so they could live together like Christians."

* "The Beliefs of 700 Ministers." By George Herbert Betts. The bingdon Press. $1.

Russia Looks Ahead

NO matter how bad their political manners have become, the leaders of the Soviet Government have not forgotten the economic dream which inspired the Russian Revolution. That fact is underscored by the new "Five-year Plan for the Industrial Development of the Soviet Union" produced by the Supreme Economic Council of Russia and summarized by Professor Joseph Pavloff. For those who have become disgusted with the Russian experiment by reading too much about Stalin's pretexts for expelling Trotzky or the contentions of the Kalinin-Tomsky-Rykoff opposition, this plan will be solid, cheerful reading. It will serve as a welcome reminder that in spite of violent quarreling every leader of the Soviet Government believes in the fundamental goal of his party, the creation of a socialized world in which men will be rewarded for work alone.

Mr. Pavloff and his associates dream with an audacity and optimism that would put American suburban realtors to shame. They sit before a map of Russia and say: Here by 1933 we will produce 105,000 automobiles, and 1,740,000 tons of sulphuric acid, and 17,200,000,000 kilowatt-hours of electric power. And so on. The figures make one dizzy. If only some economic Javeh could sit behind a big flat desk somewhere in the sky and run the universe with such audacity! How much more decent life would be if we made what we needed to use, sold things for what they cost, and lived without sales-drives, stock-tickers, and slums!

The Russian five-year plan would seem like a wild dream if it were not for the fact that the Soviet Government

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has previously announced plans to an incredulous world, and at times carried them out with astonishing fidelity. In this new program there is no retreat from socialism. Quite the contrary. The government proposes not only to expand the state-owned industries tremendously but to carry socialization into the countryside where Russia's millions of sluggish peasants have hitherto proved an insurmountable obstacle to the realization of Communist dreams. In the city the government proposes to raise factory production more than 100 per cent by 1933, cut production-costs about 25 per cent, and reduce prices about 30 per cent. While it intends to increase the productivity of every manufacturing worker 14 per cent a year, most of this gain will go to the peasants, who are discontented because they have been forced to pay too much for their factory goods. The city workers will receive some increase in wages, but their principal reward for speeding up will be the seven-hour day.

The dream of large-scale industrial farming has caught the imagination of the Russian leaders quite as much as mass factory production. They plan to create from uncultivated land state grain farms of 32,000,000 acres, manned by thousands of new tractors, seeders, and plows. The success of Thomas Campbell's gigantic industrial farm in Montana has appealed to them as much as the assembling-belt of Henry Ford, and recently they have brought Mr. Campbell to Russia to act as a special adviser. With 185,000 tractors operating upon Russian land by 1933 they intend to reach a total grain production of 7,000,000 metric tons.

The critical question in the carrying out of this whole program is the relation of the government to the wealthy peasants, or *kulaks,* who raise most of the surplus grain. All the Leninist theories and Red armies in the world cannot compel the *kulaks* to raise grain if they become convinced that it will not pay—and the city workers must have this grain in order to live. At the last congress of the Communist Party in April such responsible leaders as Kalinin, Tomsky, and Rykoff held that the Communists must humor these peasants to prevent an artificial famine, admitting them to some participation in village control, and buying tractors abroad if necessary to sell to them at reduced prices. The issue divided the party in a bitter quarrel. Stalin and the victorious majority refused to relent in their attitude toward the *kulaks,* rejecting cooperation with them in political life and trusting to pressure and lower commodity prices to cajole and tempt them into increased production. The All-Union Soviet Congress in May confirmed Stalin's victory and brought official peace with the Right Opposition. Trotzky, exiled in Turkey, must have fumed with rage when he saw that Stalin had adopted the major points of his opposition program.

The outcome of the struggle with the stubborn *kulaks* is still in doubt. Grain procurements in February and March were only half those of the same periods in 1928, and the production of 1928 was so low that Russia, once known as the world's granary, was compelled to import more than 150,000 tons of grain. The whole economic plan of the government will be destroyed if Russia does not produce a surplus of grain for export. Are the odds in favor of the men who now control Russia? Aside from their provincial dogmatizing about world revolution they have shown amazing adaptability in adjusting theories to economic facts and a readiness to try again when they stumble.

Lord Rosebery

"THEY are rather overloaded with wealth and fine houses," once wrote Jowett of the Earl and Countess of Rosebery. Perhaps that fact ought primarily to be taken into consideration in any estimate of Lord Rosebery's life—his death occurred just after his eighty-second birthday on May 21. Dismissed from his university for too great an interest in horse-racing, he might readily have become merely an extremely rich wastling. Ambition saved him from that. Indeed, he vowed in his college days that he would marry the richest heiress in England, win the Derby, and become Prime Minister. All of these things he accomplished. His wife was heiress of the Rothschilds, he won the Derby not once but three times, and he was the Liberal Prime Minister from 1894 to 1895. Yet it is impossible to say that his career was a great one or as great as his talents should have made it.

Nature did her best for him. Margot Asquith's father once declared him to be "far the most brilliant young man living," and she records that "he had a beautiful smile, an interesting face, a remarkable voice, and natural authority." In addition he had the keenest of minds, was quick at repartee, and a delightful conversationalist, to which was added industry as he matured. Speedily he became the idol of Scotland, and his political rise was as rapid as it was merited. He was Secretary for Foreign Affairs in 1886 and from 1892 to 1894. Then, after his premiership, his career ended abruptly by his own choice and he gave himself to leisure, to his horses, and to his attractive biographical studies of Napoleon, Peel, Pitt, Cromwell, and Lord Randolph Churchill, his old protagonist. It is not often recorded that one who has tasted of high office and has before him every possibility of further distraction relinquishes it at so comparatively early an age.

That he had vision and the gift of prophecy appears from his now famous warning of 1912 that "an ominous hush hangs over Europe"; most impressively he declared that the silent piling of armaments meant nothing else than a European war. His speech fluttered the foreign offices but achieved nothing. Ten million lives were not to be saved by him or anybody else. Again it was he who suggested the historic meeting of Lord Kitchener and General Botha at a wayside inn, saying: "Some of the greatest peaces, the greatest settlements in the world's history, have begun in the apparently casual meeting of two travelers in a neutral inn."

Rather lukewarm as to home rule, he was at first stirred to wrath by the Boer War, only to accept it later on the ground that the original cause of the conflict had changed and that England was fighting for prestige and life. In short, he was the liberal-imperialist profoundly interested in cementing and developing the empire. Yet neither his wealth nor his success nor the 33,000 acres of land he owned could blind him to the need and suffering of workingmen. Most important was his successful single-handed settlement of the coal strike of December, 1893. And when it was proposed to bestow the title of Empress of India upon the Queen he protested that there was too much public suffering to permit any such celebration. Latterly he fought against Lloyd George's sale of titles in return for campaign funds; even in this election he had denounced that barter and sale.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

TWO excellent words in American social and political life have come into complete disrepute. There is no sing any more to "liberal," and "reformer" is a issonance. Something is to be said for the liberal. While : is true that he has been an inefficient force in the nation ecently the course of world events has been against him. t was the war which destroyed the prestige of the American beral. Not cowardice but bad judgment moved him to lliance with the conservatives during those trying days. It ; easy now to point out the mistakes which liberals made ı giving support to the war. But much which is evident ow to the meanest intelligence was obscure in 1917. "The ⁄ar to end war," is a discredited phrase in the light of ıter developments, but at the moment it was a bright-edged ision. The leaders of the world deceived and betrayed he liberal, but it is not too late for rehabilitation. The lib-ral who is attacked as a rogue has an easy answer ready. He should explain that he was not a rascal but only a ool. After any such frank confession his counsels may again e accepted as not without value.

The case of the reformer is more perilous. This word as been completely distorted out of its older meaning. There ⁄as a day when reform meant the effort to extend freedom. n 1929 reform has been reduced to the small estate of "nay" aying. In the popular mind a reformer is a man intent pon finding new things which he desires to prohibit. Not ne of the self-identified reformers is offering a constructive rogram of any sort. Canon Chase, for instance, is a typical eformer and his busy life is devoted entirely to negations. n listing his achievements in a recent letter to the New ⁄ork *Telegram* he mentioned not a single constructive ac-ivity. It is a fair point against the opponents of the Mary Ware Dennett pamphlet that in their eagerness to suppress his piece of education they offer nothing in its place.

Although engaged in controversy many times with re-ormers I must admit that my rancor is tinged with a broad hread of pity. Life affords the spectacle of no more tragic igure than the campaigning moralist. He suffers from Don Quixote's old malady, and it seems inevitable that the ine fervor which one lashed out against the giants must in ourse of time be dissipated on the windmills. Canon Chase, n tabulating the triumphs of a long and busy life, men-ioned the fact that he had been largely instrumental in arring Luis Firpo's traveling companion when last the oxer came to this country to fight Jack Dempsey. It was is desire, the clergyman stated, to keep out both the man nd the woman, but his partial success he still chalked up s victory. Now isn't there something pitiful in all that? feel distinctly a sorrow for a man who finds a dedication o human good trapped at last into such small endeavor. f Firpo himself had been turned away from our hospitable ates nothing of note would have been gained except that he finest round ever seen in any prize ring would not have appened.

But I am puzzled to find a man preening himself on he fact that he made it necessary for a visiting athlete to ccupy a single room. In what way, may I ask, did you or I or our children's children profit from this achievement? It does not seem to me that the casual sin of a passing Argentine could have rested very heavily on the shoulders of any one of us. Indeed to the best of my recollection the only good that came out of Canon Chase's furious fight for the right was an excellent column by Bill McGeehan in the *Herald Tribune*. It was Mr. McGeehan who gave out the story, untrue I fear, of Firpo's lady and the typewriter. When challenged at Ellis Island the huge señorita justified her presence on the trip by explaining that she was the fighter's secretary. Some bright official produced a type-writer and set it before her. The poor girl had never seen such a contraption before and guessed that it must be a new-fangled sort of sewing machine. She tried to play it with her feet and was forthwith excluded to make America safe and Canon Chase happy.

Why, I wonder, is anybody accepted as a reformer when he is wholly intent upon the retention of old methods, even such as have not worked in centuries? I am referring to William Sheafe Chase's eagerness to have a complete table of venereal horrors included in any sex textbook for the young. As a matter of fact, Mary Ware Dennett has gone a goodly distance in this direction. Too far I think, but even so the Canon is not satisfied. He feels that he can think up a few gruesome symptoms which Mrs. Dennett has failed to mention. And so he thinks that she should go to jail. But unless a man gets pleasure from tabulating a catalogue of human suffering, what good did this emphasis upon venereal dangers ever do? Even the story of an eternal place of torment has never sufficed to scare man into uncom-promising morality. Why should it be believed that any tale of lesser tortures will impress him much?

And why should the theory of virtue through fear pre-vail when there is so much testimony out of actual life to prove it does not work. In the Harvard University of 1906 it was the custom to have the freshmen called together in order to listen to a warning offered by the college doctor. He was in my day a venerable and a bearded man who ob-viously enjoyed the task assigned him. Each year some of the boys fainted during his recital and others were made ill. But in spite of these surface indications of triumph I am not aware that this medical hell-fire talk did any good what-ever. Once out into the sunlight and the air again the lads joshed back and forth about the doctor's gravest sayings and pretended to believe his educational talk was part of a college course called Smut 1. And during the ensuing year an average number of young men did things which were for-bidden and a very definite percentage of them suffered the usual consequences.

Not once did the good old doctor add to his warning any mention of the manner in which venereal disease might be prevented. And though I have no desire to absolve from censure those who sinned and suffered, I still feel that part of the guilt remained with the venerable medical man. When anybody gets up to tell "the facts" I cannot see by what con-ceivable right he is justified in telling anything less than all.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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The Railroads Win the O'Fallon Case

By AMOS PINCHOT

SINCE the Dred Scott decision in March, 1857, the Supreme Court has adjudicated three momentous economic or business cases: in 1895 the income-tax case, in which, by a five to four vote, the court reversed its own decision of the previous year and staved off a graduated federal income tax for eighteen years, in fact until the Sixteenth Amendment of the Constitution broke the impasse; in 1911 the Standard Oil or "rule of reason" decision which pulled the teeth of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, defeating the purpose of the Fifty-first Congress, which was to discourage industrial monopoly and keep down prices; and now the St. Louis and O'Fallon railroad valuation, or more accurately speaking, rate case, which, if I am not very much mistaken, will prove to be the most momentous decision of the three.

Momentous it would be if it only applied to the railroads. But it is doubly so since, as seems inescapable, it will likewise apply to all public utilities regulated by commissions, and furnish a precedent for a general boosting of rates, thereby increasing the concentration of wealth, already a serious enough problem in this country. As the executives of the railroads have been quick to point out, the significance of the O'Fallon decision lies in the fact that it hallows the theory, long fought for by the railroads and other utilities, that the current cost of reproduction should be a main, if not the main, consideration of a regulating commission in fixing the rates that a company may charge for its services. It is also significant that, if this reproduction-cost theory were strictly followed, the resulting valuation of the railroads would be about forty billions instead of the twenty-three billions now fixed by the Interstate Commerce Commission. In other words, it would be so high as virtually to permit the roads to charge whatever the traffic would bear, thus, in effect, nullifying rate regulation altogether.

The O'Fallon decision is thus a smashing victory for the roads, and, inferentially, for the public utilities companies. So much so indeed that both the railroad authorities and the government hasten to assure the public that the railroads will not seek to take advantage of it by raising rates. The future will, I think, prove the contrary.

Summarized in a few words, the contentions of the five or majority justices, McReynolds, Taft, Sutherland, Sanford, and Van Devanter on the one hand, and the three dissenting ones, Brandeis, Holmes, and Stone on the other, are substantially as follows:

Justice McReynolds, speaking for the majority, holds that the Interstate Commerce Commission, in valuing the O'Fallon road for rate-making purposes, did not follow the provision embodied by Congress in the Transportation Act of 1920, which directs that "due consideration" shall be given to the current reproduction cost. Indeed, says Justice McReynolds, the commission did not take the reproduction cost into consideration at all; and in consequence the value it put on the O'Fallon road is not high enough. Justice Brandeis, speaking for the minority, insists that the evidence shows there was "due consideration" of reproduction cost. He regards the commission as a body with discretion. H justifies its findings. He asserts that Congress did not inten that the commission should accord much consideration t "elements which would give a valuation double that whic had been rejected" (by Congress in the debates on the ac as being too high). He points out the difficulties that th commission encountered in trying to ascertain the "curren reproduction cost." He says the commission "could onl act on proof." It had no proof. Therefore, if it allowe itself to be guided by a mere estimate of what the repro duction cost might be, it would, in effect, be making a deci sion on "mere conjecture." Justice Stone, who with Justic Holmes signs the Brandeis opinion, adds a short dissentin opinion of his own, in which he maintains, in flat contradic tion of Justice McReynolds, that the commission not onl considered "all the elements of value brought to its atten tion by the carrier" (the railroad) but discussed the repro duction cost "at length in its report."

Here, as in most Supreme Court decisions involving public questions of the first magnitude, we have tw groups of allegedly intelligent, informed justices, seeing th same facts through different eyes and reading the law to ar exactly opposite conclusion. This, as will be remembered, i precisely what happened in the Dred Scott case, where Chie Justice Taney and his four Southern associates welcomed th opportunity to confirm the status of slavery in the territories while Judge Curtis and his anti-extension associates took th opposite tack. Both sides invoked in their arguments th same Constitution and brought equally powerful batterie of precedent into action, which drew from Abraham Lincol the shrewd commentary that the Dred Scott decision wa not a decision of law at all, but a decision of men.

Now, as a matter of cold fact, the decision in th O'Fallon case is no more a decision of law than the Dred Scott decision. It is a decision of men representing certain social ideas, of individuals who are dishing up, not the law and its precedents, but such selections therefrom as will best express their preconceived ideas. The truth, as every lawyer knows, is that the law, except in very clear cases, where its application is unmistakable, no more governs the Justices o the Supreme Court in their decisions on vital current mat ters, like rate fixing, than, we will say, Biblical authority governs clergymen in their attitude toward parochial prob lems. There is always an abundance of law and enough apt forceful precedent to support an argument on either side o almost any question. It is the man's own conviction tha sways him, not the law. And all that the O'Fallon cas proves is that there sit on our highest bench five men wh think the railroads ought to have more money, three wh think they are getting enough now, and one who did no record his preference.

Not the least interesting element in the decision is th additional light it casts on commission regulation of rail roads. Forty-two years ago the Interstate Commerce Com mission was established, not, as is commonly supposed, pri marily to regulate railroads, but to free the industrial world

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om a system of railroad favoritism, with which great producers, such as the Standard Oil, the packers, and other usts, were driving as they are doing today independent idustry to the wall. After the World War, the railroads, any of which were put on their feet with government oney, became impatient of the restraints imposed by the ommission. And, under a barrage of propaganda which, y the way, has steadily increased in intensity, they attacked Congress and pushed through the Transportation Act, thus argely taking the rate question out of the hands of the commission through the provision of that act that the railroads hould be practically guaranteed rates that would yield them satisfactory return.

This pleased the roads for the time being. But a few years ater, when the mammoth successes and earnings of industrial ompanies and public utilities got under way, the railroads egan once more to feel poor and wronged. The Class 1 oads were particularly scandalized at being permitted to eep only a niggardly 6 per cent plus half of their earnings bove that figure. And, inspired by an inflated boom notion f what was due them, they conceived the idea that, under a econd and heavier barrage of propaganda, they could adance, not on Congress this time, but on the Supreme Court, nd break through with the O'Fallon case into richer fields of rofit. As to the effect of such a move, it was not unreasonable o assume that the public would submit to anything that could emotely be related to success and prosperity, the gods for whom all other divinities had been abandoned. The people, eing demonstratively sheep habituated to shearing, would ot be likely to flinch from another touch of the shears. Whether the assumption of the railroads was correct is yet o be seen.

Only one threat to the O'Fallon decision lies on the orizon. This is that it is well and publicly known that the ailroads' cry of poverty is by no means bona fide. Lately he Class 1 roads have enjoyed enormous prosperity. Their 1927 net operating income exceeded that of 1926. Twohirds of the carriers reported larger net earnings in 1928 han in 1927. Some roads have increased their stock issues and cut melons. One hundred and eighty-three Class 1 roads reported the January, 1929, net income as $77,261,000, an increase of 36.6 per cent over January, 1928. Last December, Mr. Aishton, president of the American Railway Association, stated that the railways were in the best condition in their history.

What will Congress have to say about the O'Fallon decision? It is possible that this extraordinary finding of our august highest court may in essence be reversed by the lowly Congress through a law repealing that provision of the Transportation Act which directs the I. C. C. to give reproduction cost "due consideration." It is also possible that the public will look at the decision of the court realistically, seeing in it, not so much the echo of the law of the land, as the reflection of the background and consequent bias of five individuals who may be described respectively as (1) an ex-attorney of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company; (2) an ex-attorney of the Southern Pacific Railway Company; (3) an able, conservative lawyer, once Attorney General of the United States, who has, on the bench, shown at least ordinary zeal in defending corporate interests; (4) a member of the Republican old guard of Tennessee, the selection of President Harding. This justice's father was principal owner of the Knoxville and Ohio Railroad, later bought by the Southern Railway; and his own law firm was counsel for the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia, as well as the Knoxville and Ohio. And finally, the Chief Justice, Mr. William Howard Taft, an amiable Ohioan, also elevated to the bench by President Harding, who has throughout his long office-holding career rarely strayed from the easiest, most comfortable path.

The public will also note that, in sharp disagreement with these five justices, stand Louis D. Brandeis, who has many times earned its confidence by fearless and supremely intelligent service, and Harlan F. Stone, a comparatively new justice but one who has already finely proved his mettle. And Oliver Wendell Holmes. May that revered but eternally young David retain his keen eye and strong sling arm throughout the Hoover Administration, in which, unless signs fail, he and his liberal companions of the bench will have their work cut out in holding back the Philistines!

Fremont Older

By GEORGE P. WEST

FREMONT OLDER'S career began, as it will end, without pretension. Any time these forty-odd years he would have told you that whatever else it might have a newspaper must have advertising and circulation, and that he was running a newspaper for owners who expected him to make it pay. This realism has been the constant background of his career. He has been, primarily and most consistently, a circulation-getter, the editor of a profitable afternoon newspaper dependent on the crowd for its circulation and on shop-keepers for its advertising. He has risked both, he has taken huge chances, but always as a confident and audacious gambler who expected to win. It has probably never occurred to him to accept a permanently diminished circulation and revenue in order to pursue a policy that pleased him. Nor is it likely that he would have acted differently if he had acquired ownership of the newspaper of which he was editor. It is more reasonable to suppose that ownership would have made him more conservative.

Within this frame, Older has wielded an influence and achieved a stature that are difficult to measure in tangibles or to present convincingly to a generation of younger men that has learned how to live by tweaking the crowd's nose instead of selling it papers. We find him at seventy-two editing one of those Hearst afternoon papers that are a cross between the yellows of thirty years ago and the tabloids of today, and entirely complacent in doing so. He is more than complacent, he is serene. While the jazz nonsense roars through the presses below him, he sits interested and amused, of it and yet infinitely above it in his spiritual detachment and Olympian humorous tolerance for everything

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human. That particular newspaper would roar on without him, stripped then of the powerful leaven that manages to survive in spite of all that Hearst's peripatetic experts can accomplish. And Older retired to his ranch would hug a cold and lonely independence which is the last thing he prizes. For he is like one of the great Russians in his love of the human scene and his need of immersion in it. His serenity comes of a hard-won inner integrity and self-knowledge and bemusement. Toward human behavior he has come to have the scientist's complete acceptance, as of any objective phenomena, and the scientist's curiosity and delight in observing it. He has the scientist's humility in a world which he did not make and imperfectly understands, and in which he sees himself and others at the mercy of forces which they cannot control. He sees these forces as chiefly chemical, and it is significant of the mood induced in him by his retirement as a crusader that he no longer emphasizes the social and economic forces that work against freedom, or, when he does consider them, is inclined to doubt the possibility of doing very much about it while our old friend "human nature" remains unchanged.

I have called Older complacent and serene, and at once the adjectives are seen to be absurd in any except a relative sense. For life has always excited him and torn at him. He has never accepted it calmly, and he never will. It is merely that at seventy-two he has learned to laugh at himself, during the calmer moments that succeed those in which he has flared into protest against suffering and injustice, or into oversanguine enthusiasm, or into a consuming anxiety for the troubles of his friends. He is forever vowing that he will no longer try to guide the destinies of others, nor fret when they collide with distress; that he will no longer resent rascality or smug stupidity in power; that he will not again let any instance of suffering or injustice stir him to anger or despair. And his friends smile, knowing that the sun will not set before he has once more committed all of these endearing absurdities. Toward the newspaper business in general, and his own part in it in particular, he has no illusions, no rationalizations to mitigate the baseness or to exaggerate the good. His serenity is that of a man whose victory lies in steadily facing every frustration and defeat and bringing them into focus in the rich composition of a life.

Older's self-mastery is best shown in this, that Hearst never had a more efficient or loyal editor. In many intimate talks I have never heard him utter a word of disparagement or make the slightest gesture to remind himself or others that his being there was a colossal discrepancy. It is, for him, just an amusing way to spend his later years, infinitely more diverting and stimulating than the inactivity of retirement. It is the front seat to which he is accustomed at what has been for him always a fascinating spectacle. There is printer's ink, and youth, and there is a conveniently large income to care for all the dumb and human animals that he has gathered at his ranch.

Also it would be a distortion to present Older as alien to the medium in which he works. He is the newspaperman to the marrow of his bones, and the afternoon newspaperman at that, in a city where a paper must get and keep all kinds of readers if it is to survive. For more than fifty years he has been saturated in that strange business. Every working day for forty years he has been responsible for getting out a paper that would sell. Every week-day he has watched street sales, studied circulation sheets, measured advertising. For half a century the current gossip and sensation of the city street has been his immediate concern. There were early years when nothing much mattered but getting circulation and revenue for a paper that had neither when he began. They happened to be years when the young Hearst was startling the country by his audacity in a similar enterprise, and my guess is that at sixty-two Older found it easier to accept Hearst's offer because at thirty-two he had admired the man's dash and energy and his delight in outraging the smug as well as the decent. But all that is beside the point, which is that Older at sixty-two, with a record of struggle and achievement unexceeded in American journalism, found himself faced with a choice of retiring or becoming editor of a Hearst paper, and chose inevitably the more active and amusing course. For twenty-five years before that he had dominated the policy of a paper that was his own in all but ownership. He had given it a circulation that has not been equaled since in the afternoon field, although the community has all but doubled in population, and he had given it an influence and a character such as no other paper on the Pacific Coast and few in the entire country possessed. The assumption of authority by a young heir put an end to that. If Older were malicious there would be satisfaction for him in the decay that began when he left the *Bulletin* and that has continued ever since, and in the related circumstance that Hearst's attempt to enter the afternoon field in San Francisco was a financial failure until Older, forced from the *Bulletin,* had become editor of the *Call.*

Yet it would be a mistake to see the termination of the crusading phase of Older's career as the result of special circumstances involving the ownership of a particular newspaper. In a larger and truer sense it was the crowd that failed him—that crowd whose shortcomings we formerly concealed from ourselves by such brave generalizations as the People, or Labor, or Humanity. Older is one of a whole generation of journalists and reformers which began with the assumption that big circulations and a mass following are indispensable to any important accomplishment. A lifetime of thinking and living "circulation" had given him a contempt for minority sheets—a contempt that surrendered to intense admiration for one or two exceptions and is latterly tinged perhaps with doubt of his premises. His gifts as an editor permitted him to justify his belief in the crowd long after it would have failed most men who had so far outrun crowd prejudices. For many years he assumed as a matter of course than whatever interested and excited him would interest and excite others. He was right often enough to give his paper the largest afternoon circulation in San Francisco at a time when it was defending the I. W. W., demanding sympathy and understanding for prostitutes and convicts, fighting preparedness, and insisting that private property and the competitive system were inevitably breeders of crime and graft, poverty and injustice. Then, when the war hysteria and the Preparedness Day bomb outrage at length stirred the business community to mobilize irresistibly against him, Older faced the facts, saw "labor" among the first to desert him, and without hesitation changed the paper's policy to permit it to survive. It was the end at last of a feat unparalleled in American journalism—Older's genius defying, year in and year out, an economic and social

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set-up that would have squelched another editor with the sureness and speed of the law of gravity. Today Older's faith in the crowd is gone. His magnificent energy and will could not prevail against its inertia and prejudice forever. But the ripples are still flowing and not even the size of the Hoover vote convinces me that Older's faith was misplaced or his fight in vain.

As a study in character, Older's career is chiefly remarkable for the growth and enlargement in personality that have proceeded steadily through years of such day-by-day scrimmage as would leave weaker natures soiled and tired. Material success and vulgar power were the criteria of a good life in the America of the seventies and eighties. The individual who demanded more faced the world single-handed. There was, for him, no fashionable hierarchy of iconoclasts like Shaw and Mencken and their hosts. There was no Greenwich Village, no well-worn route to Paris, no publishers and play-producers looking eagerly for sharply critical books and plays, no gallery of restless women. There was only the West, where frontier life did in fact offer a certain masculine freedom and zest and some very genuine values which scholar-critics of the Brooks-Mumford school are quite incapable of comprehending. To the West of 1872 the young Older escaped, at sixteen, from a Puritan patriarch in Wisconsin, and there, in the mining camps of Nevada and California, later in the lusty young city of San Francisco, he found some sort of equivalent for the release and enlargement that New York and Paris offer today. He fought his way to power on the terms of the society in which he found himself, and then, instinctively at first, used his power for ends that brought him into one conflict after another with the standards of the times. Thus, fighting, following instinct, learning, he used his anarchic Western world as a laboratory to work out those values that we of a younger generation accept as a matter of course.

Older's larger career began with the San Francisco graft prosecution, when for five years he pursued crooked politicians and corporation bribe-givers with tigerish ferocity. Out of that ferment came the State-wide campaign to "kick the Southern Pacific out of politics."* When the progressive revolt that Older initiated more than any other one man had culminated in the election of Hiram Johnson in 1910, the new Governor acknowledged in private again and again the great and decisive part played by Older and tried again and again to give him some emphatic public accolade. If ever victory was sweet on the palates of men, it was sweet for Older and his friends in those days. The election of Johnson had followed years of bitter, discouraging struggle. The paper for the success of which Older was responsible had been menaced in circulation and revenue as it bore the brunt of the fight. Older himself, for years a distinguished figure in San Francisco's sparkling life, had resigned from one club after another and seen one old acquaintance after another draw away as the lines were drawn tighter and tighter. Then came the most spectacular political turn-over in the history of California politics. Chosen by Older as a candidate, almost propelled into the campaign by the force of the editor's enthusiasm, Johnson's election put him in command of a State eager to honor them both. At the top of the list of honors at the Governor's disposal were the regencies of the University of California. Older declined. Instead, he asked for the appointment of another, and as his sole request he asked that Tolstoy's terrible indictment of poverty, "What Is to Be Done?" be placed before the students as the subject for a prize essay. The Governor proffered an honorary commission to study something or other in Europe, and Older declined. The Governor offered a railroad commissionership, and Older declined. He declined, and then sent a letter and a messenger and more letters and more messengers to the Governor asking him to take nineteen poor wretches out of the dungeon of San Quentin prison!

In nearly three years as political reporter for Older, during which I acted for months on end as messenger between him and the Governor, the only request for favors I ever carried from my boss to the man who then had everything to give were requests for acts of mercy for obscure and helpless men. The truth was that Older had all but forgotten politics the moment he saw Hiram Johnson in the Governor's chair and the success of their program assured. Older had already enlisted for the next war. Unpopular causes called him—the cleaning out of San Quentin and the use of Donald Lowrie to start a prison-reform movement that became nation-wide, as it inspired Thomas Mott Osborne and led to the reform of Sing Sing; the ventilating of the mess of human exploitation and misery that was prostitution in San Francisco; a violent frontal attack on self-righteousness and blind respectability; a championing of the cause of labor, even of the migratory and homeless men of the I. W. W. Always his methods were extraordinary and effective. He published serially a prostitute's frank story. It brought scores of letters from the underworld, many of them valuable human documents, and these he printed, too. He sent Sophie Treadwell to each of the prominent clergymen in turn, disguised as a street-girl in distress, and published her stories of exactly what they said and did. When a preacher called on Older to protest about something, Older heard him out and then shouted at him: "Why don't you preach Christianity?" When the man somewhat timidly affirmed that he did, and asked Older why he doubted it, Older roared: "Because if you did we'd have reporters and cameramen out there to cover the stoning of your church!"

During the graft prosecution Older was the sheer fighter, the man of action, raining blows and calling on God with the best and worst of them. Lincoln Steffens said then that he should have been a cavalry leader instead of an editor, having in mind his physique and his flashing, fierce eyes and his terrific energy. But when victory arrived revulsion came. He saw all the savagery and the incidental unfairness of the fight. He saw Abe Ruef, arch villain of the piece, as a product of the system and he saw the real causes of corruption in human greed and thirst for power, and in a society that, whatever it professes, nevertheless organizes itself to reward these things. And with the same impetuous zeal he began attacking self-righteousness and demanding mercy and understanding for jailbirds, for prostitutes, even for Abe Ruef, whose incarceration in San Quentin remained the one outward and visible sign of the graft prosecution's success. To ask the triumphant reformers to let Ruef out of prison was like asking a victorious army to throw away its trophies. It was like asking them to heed the Sermon on the Mount.

Always it has been the individual that has appealed to

* In what follows I have adapted or repeated *verbatim* some paragraphs from a sketch of Older written in 1925 for a California newspaper.

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Older. Seventeen years ago he began running a series of personal stories—confessions in which ex-prisoners, women of the street, drunkards, newspapermen, political bosses, told the inner story of their lives. They reduced problems to the concrete human equation and thus, as effectively as any great writer, Older used his paper to illuminate and intensify the experience of living for his readers. Years later magazine editors in New York were to seize upon the same idea and use it, their stories falsified and vulgarized for the crowd, to multiply circulations. Older's latest serial of this genre, published in the *Call* in 1925, was Jack Black's remarkable narrative of his life as a burglar, robber, and yeggman, issued later in book form by Macmillan as "You Can't Win."

Once a fluent and forceful writer himself, Older as editor came more and more to rely on men whom he picked from the staff and trained to express his ideas. He played on a big daily newspaper as an organist on his great organ, until it became the only instrument at his command. His book of autobiographical stories, "My Own Story," written under pressure for newspaper serialization, interested newspapermen keenly in this country and in England and did indeed reflect Older, but it consisted of objective narrative and left out his personal story. The editorial habit is notoriously fatal to the writing habit, and it is a pity that Older, in pouring out his vitality to illuminate human experience for the readers of a newspaper, has not made a fuller and more permanent record of a life and a spirit that are touched with greatness.

The writer is impelled to add a final word of personal testimony. After some years under Older, he went East and there for six years had the more or less intimate contact with celebrities, with outstanding personalities, that is incidental to newspaper work. For not a few of them he came to have unreserved admiration and respect. But always he missed something, felt some lack. From no other has he ever got the stimulation, the feeling of enlargement of life's possibilities, that is a common experience of those associated with Older. Contact with Older at his best gives a feeling akin to the effect of great art, a feeling that life is richer and more spacious and beautiful than one had otherwise felt it to be.

Music on the Air

By BLANCHE BLOCH

"OUR inventions," said Thoreau of the laying of the Atlantic cable, "are but improved means to unimproved ends. We are anxious to tunnel under the Atlantic and bring the Old World some weeks nearer to the New; but perchance the first news to leak through . . . will be that the Princess Adelaide has the whooping cough." If Thoreau doubted the urgent and ultimate importance of most of the news flashed over the cables, what would he have said of the radio, that latest marvel of science, which can call aid to a ship in distress, guide airplanes in Arctic wastes, or bring Presidential candidates to the homes of the nation—and which has been used mainly for the purpose of broadcasting fifty-seven varieties of twaddle upon the air?

Said David Sarnoff, vice-president and general manager of the Radio Corporation of America, in a recent speech before the Economic Club of New York:

> When the radio industry outgrew its first customer, the radio amateur, the electrical industry of the United States undertook to create a listening public. It was a unique experiment in industrial development. It was as if the publishing industry were to undertake the task of public education in order to create a class of readers for the printed word; as if musical-instrument makers were to give lessons in music and organize bands throughout the country to establish a market for their products. Despite the fact that chapter and verse were quoted from economic precedent to show that no industry could survive which was burdened with a service established upon such a basis, the industry grew apace and the listening public with it. In eight years, more than thirty-five million people in the United States were radio listeners and some ten million homes were equipped with receiving sets.

In other words, there were almost as many radio listeners as readers of the comic strips and the Sunday "funnies." A triumph of business achievement certainly, but what about the cultural possibilities? In Great Britain, with a tax on receiving sets and with broadcasting in the hands of a government monopoly, a good deal of thought had been given to this phase of the matter from the beginning. Here, with open competition and a policy of freedom of the air for everyone, programs were soon in the hands of advertisers, who outbid each other, not for the best available talent, but for the most advantageous hours. By far the greater proportion of the vast unseen audience they hoped to reach was musically illiterate. They took no chances. The principal radio stations, it is true, maintained their own staff of competent musicians, presenting them regularly in featured hours, but it is a significant fact that even today, though each of these "sustaining features" as they are called is considered a potential commercial broadcast, the big buyers continue to pass them over in favor of jazz, "dinner-music," and mongrel programs designed to hold the wandering attention of those whose only standard of entertainment is the movie or second-rate vaudeville. There are oases in this desert of vulgarity, it is true. A Sunday evening hour with famous soloists, a weekly symphony concert or even two, occasional operatic and chamber-music programs, but they are few, as one can see by examining carefully any list of broadcasting programs published in the daily press. The average week-end announcements number about nine hundred items, less than a dozen of which can be taken seriously as music.

This senseless disturbance of the ether begins at some stations as early as 6:45 a. m. and continues until midnight. We have the word of the National Broadcasting Company's statistician to the effect that only 15 per cent of this racket is jazz, while 28 per cent of the total broadcasting is given over to "classical music"; but classical music is an elastic term, used in this case to cover any number of programs without the slightest interest for the real music lover. As for the remainder, only a radio fan is likely to know who the Gold Spot Pals, the Dynacone Diners, or the Emerald Instrumentalists may be, to say nothing of "Aunt Jymmie" or "Just Among Ourselves."

When one considers that the general public has given no sign of open dissatisfaction with this sort of thing, that it

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would, on the contrary, probably go on accepting it indefinitely, it becomes apparent that the greatest possible credit is due Mr. Sarnoff, who took the first decisive step in the direction of improvement. Mr. Sarnoff is evidently a man of imagination. He had helped to place the radio in ten million homes. Having taught his public how to read he began to consider how he might give it something worth reading. Early last spring the Radio Corporation of America undertook an experiment. Three symphony concerts under the direction of Walter Damrosch were broadcast from all stations east of the Rocky Mountains. Announcement of these concerts was made by radio and through educational bodies all over the country, and questionnaires designed to determine the degree of interest with which they were received were sent to various high schools and colleges. The response was overwhelming and Mr. Sarnoff began to see the endless possibilities of radio in the schools.

It was the opportunity for which Mr. Damrosch had been waiting. "I said to them," he told the writer, "give me the children and I will make a nation of music lovers." Everyone knows that for thirty years Mr. Damrosch has given to delighted audiences of New York children their first lessons in listening to and understanding music. Now, thanks to Mr. Sarnoff, he has an audience of millions in a theater extending from the Atlantic to the Rockies and from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico.

On the twenty-sixth of last October he gave the first of a series of forty-eight programs. In the two weeks following that concert the National Broadcasting Company received twenty-five thousand letters. They are still coming in at the rate of many hundred a day and a special office force is kept busy filing and answering them. Letters from city children and their teachers and parents, from listeners in remote farmhouses, from pupils in the little red schoolhouses Mr. Damrosch wished most of all to reach.

The forty-eight programs were divided into four graded series for listeners of different age levels and are broadcast over the stations known as the Blue Network. It is not yet possible to know with any exactitude the number of persons reached, but they are variously estimated to have been between twelve and fifteen million. The Radio Corporation of America financed these concerts at a cost of hundreds of thousands of dollars. Receiving sets have been bought by local boards of education, loaned by dealers, presented by public-spirited citizens and women's clubs, and in some cases paid for by the children themselves. In one town each school child contributed ten cents.

In building the programs Mr. Damrosch has followed the same plan that has been so successful in the New York concerts. First he introduces his "musical family," the orchestra. Each instrument is illustrated, and when his hearers have learned to recognize their voices and distinguish between them there are, for the older groups, talks and programs on musical form, and for the younger ones on "Nature in Music," "Fairies in Music," and even "Animals in Music." In Carnegie Hall, of course, Mr. Damrosch can appeal to the eye as well as the ear. But his unique voice, as vibrant and distinct as any of his instruments, brings his presence so clearly before the listener that one hardly misses the visual picture. However, Mr. Damrosch has asked that the children be shown photographs of all the instruments or, better still, the instruments themselves, for he hopes not only to develop a love and understanding of music, but to encourage the children to form orchestras of their own. He knows that actual participation in the production of music is the goal of every child who loves it, and indeed of every adult as well. To use his own words: "I earnestly wish to arouse a general enthusiasm for music and a realization of the fact that it is not a mere amusement but a powerful and unrestricted medium for the expression of human emotion."

The second great American corporation to choose to advertise itself through the agency of symphonic music is the General Electric Company which lately inaugurated a series of fifty-two concerts also under the direction of Mr. Damrosch, who so far has the American field much to himself. However, the recent experiment in transatlantic broadcasting by means of which American listeners were enabled to hear a performance of Rachmaninoff's E minor symphony by the Queen's Hall Orchestra of London introduces the prospect of some very healthy competition. If through hearing much good music the American public should arrive at the stage of development where it could judge orchestral performance as it now discriminates between jazz bands, the time might at last be ripe for the advent of the long-awaited American composer.

The prohibitive cost of financing first-class symphony orchestras makes it impossible to hope that there will ever be very many of them, but if a popular demand could be created every village in the United States could through the good-will of our great industrial organizations hear all our major orchestras. Under the American system our principal broadcasting stations depend to a large degree upon commercial features for defraying expenses. Instead of maintaining their relations with the public through the medium of second- and third-rate programs, our millionaire corporations could, through the practical application of that "ideal of service" of which we hear so much, easily assume a role in our present civilization comparable to that of the great aristocratic patrons of art in the days of the Renaissance.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter loves the smell of printer's ink. At least that is the traditional way of putting it. In point of fact the Drifter cares less about the smells of a printing plant than about its sights and sounds. In pursuit of the latter the Drifter from time to time rambles through New Chambers Street, east of New York's Municipal Building, until he comes to Number 57. There he climbs the iron stairway to the Nation Press, where—along with other jobs—the palladium of liberty in which this column appears is printed. The Drifter revels in the sights and sounds he finds there—type-setting and type-casting machines, presses large and presses small, binding, folding, and cutting machines, all the wonderful devices which make up a modern printing plant ready to take on any kind of job from a handbill to an encyclopedia. The Drifter never tires of standing beside a linotype machine, listening to its steady *click, click,* and wondering how it can be that the same human animal which devised this extraordinary instrument is so incapable in matters political and economic that

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it doesn't know enough to come in out of the rain. But even better than the linotype machine, the Drifter likes to watch the Miehle Vertical, a small press so compact that the eye can take in the complete process at a glance and yet so unerring in its action that the mind can hardly believe it possible. By means of suction the Miehle picks up sheet after sheet from a solid pile of paper, with a speed and precision not attainable by human fingers, flicks the sheets into the press in perfect position, jams them against the waiting type, whisks them out at the other side upon an air-drying carrier, and finally drops them a few feet farther along in a pile as neat and solid as that where the job began.

* * * * *

THERE is something almost uncanny in the dexterity, skill, and, yes, intelligence of this machine. It is a fascinating device to contemplate—an antidote for the blues, pyorrhea, halitosis, or what ails you. When the Drifter gets old and rich and retires from drifting, he is going to instal a Miehle Vertical in his library just to convince him that the human race is not such a bunch of dumb-bells and fatheads as one is likely to conclude from reading the newspapers.

* * * * *

BUT even the marvelous machines of a printing plant sometimes go wrong. Sometimes they are as cantankerous and absurd as if they were human. Like all progressive concerns, the Nation Press believes in advertising, and Amos H. Barnett, the treasurer, gets out a leaflet from time to time designed both to inform and amuse actual and prospective customers. The other day Amos wrote of life at 57 New Chambers Street as follows:

> If you want to know what the heck a hectic day in a printing asylum means, listen to what happened one Wednesday morning. To start out with, the whifflesnack on the big press broke and landed kaswish in the ink fountain, splashing the inky goo all over Mrs. Smith's 7,000 wedding invitations drying out on the tooter for noon delivery. The release of this whifflesnack loosened up the hot sprucing goofus under the cotter pin, which fell onto the rollers and melted them right off the press.
>
> Meantime two other sprucing goofuses on the whapperchuck dried out for want of lubrication, and there was the Old Ned to pay. We couldn't stop the presses and we were running out of paper, so the only thing to do was to—
>
> *Run the Presses Backwards*
>
> Now, very few printshops can run their presses backwards, but we are speaking about *our* shop. As soon as the pile of paper was run through, we reversed the presses, pulling the paper back in again and guiding it up on to the feedboard whence it came from. This kept up until we could get the power house to shut off the current.
>
> Of course the customers never found out about the trouble, because our presses are in such close register that no matter how many round trips the paper made through the presses, each sheet looked like it had but a single perfect impression.
>
> It was a hectic Wednesday morning; we'll never forget it; it was on the first of April, 1923.

* * * * *

PERHAPS the date suggests that Amos may be exaggerating. But since Joan Lowell we are getting accustomed to believing anything. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Playing with Fire

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wish to protest with all my might against your assertion that prohibition represents "the smug middle class." It represents one phase of the age-long fight between darkness and light.

Intoxicating drink is one of the oldest enemies of the human race. From the dawn of ethics men have been found who made war upon it. On Pussyfoot Johnson's long tour through India he was welcomed by the common people everywhere with huge crowds and overwhelming enthusiasm; for the three great religions of India all forbid liquor, but the government will not allow prohibition because it gets a revenue from drink.

In this country prohibition has had distinguished backing from men and women who were exceptionally clear-sighted on questions of right and wrong. William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips favored it. Most of the early equal-rights women fought against liquor as well as against the subjection of women. And the need for prohibition was much less pressing in their time than in these days of speeding and swarming automobiles, and all sorts of intricate and dangerous machinery.

As for "smugness," the effusions of the pro-liquor people in the press show that many of them are as supercilious and conceited while defending self-indulgence as anyone could possibly be while advocating self-denial for the public good.

A sound conception of personal liberty does not include the right to play with fire in a powder magazine.

ALICE STONE BLACKWELL

Dorchester, Massachusetts, May 13

Emperor or President

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Hoover is no doubt a good civil engineer. Still, this fact, if true, does not make him a statesman. How little he really appreciates the value of freedom and the vigilance necessary to preserve human liberty was shown by his remarks at a luncheon of the Associated Press. In referring to prohibition Mr. Hoover, following in the lead of the orthodox prohibition fanatics, used this language: "Whatever the value of any law may be, the enforcement of that law, written in plain terms upon the statute books, is not to my mind a debatable question. Law should be observed and must be enforced until it is repealed by the proper processes of our democracy." These words would have gladdened the hearts of the witch-hangers of New England when juries were refusing to send old women to death in obedience to a tyrannical and fanatical law.

To mark the progress in government in two thousand years, these words of Mr. Hoover might be compared with an utterance of Trajan, the Emperor of Rome, made in the year 112. Pliny was then the governor of a Roman province, and the prosecution of the Christians was in full swing. The law provided death for becoming a Christian—Senator Jones, please note. Men and women, however, continued to stand by their faith in spite of terrible torture. Under the circumstances Pliny, who was shocked by the Joneses of his day, wrote to Trajan for instructions. The Emperor, after recommending clemency and toleration, instructed Pliny about violations of the act. He did not say that a hideous law must be enforced

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long as it is a law. In speaking of the violators of the ıtute, he said: "Do not go out of your way to look for them." ad the Roman Emperor determined to enforce all laws while ey were laws Christianity would have been wiped out of the ɔman Empire and therefore of all Europe.

Who was right, the Roman Emperor two thousand years o or the chief magistrate of the American Republic? The ıth is that it is impossible to repeal a criminal statute until is generally violated.

Emerson said that the good citizen must not be too obedient the law. There is no limit to which fanaticism will not go.) teach the sacredness of the statutes, and to prefer the strict edience to law to the preservation of freedom, is a cowardly ctrine that would inevitably lead to slavery. A criminal tute to be enforced requires the overwhelming support of : people. The first Adams used every possible effort to enforce : obnoxious Alien and Sedition laws, but all over the land nerican citizens defied the jail, and the laws were finally dis-ɡarded. When Jefferson was elected to follow Adams, he did t announce that whether the law was good or bad it should obeyed. He found that the people would not submit to such islation, and he used all his influence to have the tyrannical tutes repealed, which was promptly done.

To enforce obedience to an obnoxious law that is held in ıeral contempt by a large percentage of the citizens is not v-enforcement; it is tyranny. To awe men and women by eats of persecution and jail is to destroy independence, to ɡrade citizenship and belittle man. The statesman who dis-ɾered that a law was odious to good citizens would not seek club them into submission. Instead of that he would recog-:e and respect the feelings of a free people and use his luence to repeal the law.

Chicago, Illinois, May 22 CLARENCE DARROW

Strange History

THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As the inimitable Mr. Coolidge might put it, I do not ɔose to disturb unduly the current historians. However, a ny Sunday's reading of Charles Willis Thompson's "Presi-ıts I Have Known," which opens with the flat declaration, his book is confined rigidly to matters within my own knowl-ɡe," has not exactly strengthened my faith in the veracious orders of our time. In Mr. Thompson's quite entertaining ɔk, page 317, I found this snappy description of an incident ithin my own knowledge":

> When Wilson was about to be notified officially of his nomination for Governor of New Jersey, he was sitting on a porch at his Princeton home, dressed in an unpressed, uncreased suit of clothes that he had worn daily for months. Tumulty, who even at that time was taking a paternal interest in his political welfare, came to look him over, and started in dismay. "My God, Mr. Wilson!" he cried, "the Notification Committee will be here in half an hour and you have to get into some decent clothes."
>
> "What's the matter with these?" asked Wilson, glancing down at them in innocent surprise.
>
> "Never mind," Tumulty screamed, "you go up and get Mrs. Wilson to tell you."
>
> Half an hour afterward Tumulty returned, to see Wilson again sitting on the porch, dressed to the minute. He looked at Tumulty, and smiled his ugly but winning smile. "Satisfied?" he asked. The Notification Committee arrived and saw a dignified candidate, irreproachably garbed.

w it so happens that every Princetonian at all familiar with Wilsons of that far-off time, knows that Mr. Wilson did even know Mr. Tumulty then; that Mrs. Wilson was up in the Connecticut hills, spending her vacation at old Lyme, and that when Mr. Wilson did appear before the Democratic State Convention in Trenton, he was still wearing that uncreased suit and well-worn golf sweater.

If Mr. Thompson will take the trouble to peep into Mr. Tumulty's book on Wilson, he will find, pages 18-19, that Mr. Tumulty at that time was not manifesting any paternal interest in Mr. Wilson. Mr. Tumulty relates that he was not even a delegate to the convention, but he was on hand trying his level best to prevent the nomination of Wilson. Nor had he ever seen Mr. Wilson. It was not until a lieutenant of Colonel George Harvey, whom Mr. Thompson conveniently labels the Notification Committee, walked upon the stage of the convention hall with the candidate that Mr. Tumulty's eye fell for the first time upon the man, to use Tumulty's own words, he had been "openly and bitterly denouncing only a few hours before."

Princeton, New Jersey, May 19 A. B.

Mush and Mother

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Today on Mother's Day (invented by florists, candy-sellers, and telegraph companies) I received a special delivery letter from my daughter at college which read:

> "All that I am, and all that I hope to be, I owe to you, dear Mother. With the passing years the realization of my debt of gratitude grows more profound and my love ever deeper and stronger." *Hot dog!*

This leads me to believe that there is still hope for rescue out of the disgusting swamp of sentimental mush in which the Western Union would drown us. Perhaps the youngsters can ridicule this commercial "love" out of existence. If not, why can't the mothers?

New York, May 12 JULIA SMITH

Contributors to This Issue

AMOS PINCHOT is a New York lawyer and publicist.

GEORGE P. WEST is a writer of California.

BLANCHE BLOCH has just organized a women's orchestra in New York.

STERLING NORTH is the winner of the Witter Bynner poetry award for 1927.

IRWIN EDMAN is assistant professor of philosophy at Columbia University.

WINIFRED RAUSHENBUSH has for many years been engaged in sociological research in various fields.

V. F. CALVERTON is the author of "The Bankruptcy of Marriage."

SAMUEL C. CHEW is professor of English at Bryn Mawr.

ERNEST GRUENING is author of "Mexico and Its Heritage."

THERESA WOLFSON is author of "The Woman Worker and the Trade Unions."

CARL RUSSELL FISH is professor of American history at the University of Wisconsin.

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EMERY DERI is a Hungarian journalist living in New York.

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Books, Music, Plays

Thunder Storm

By STERLING NORTH

After the stars were blown out one by one
The wind lay wallowing in the grass and leaves.
Seeing the clouds arise, the lightning run,
We scurried to the porch, beneath broad eaves
To watch the storm. Somewhere a frog's hoarse croak;
Then faint as wheel upon a distant bridge,
Then deep as boulders tumbling from the ridge,
The thunder murmured, gathered voice, and spoke.

By the unreal, the stark and wavering light
We saw the dark woods tossing in the wind;
And far beyond and almost out of mind
A lake that glimmered in the stormy night.
Then silence all about us sweet and dank,
Till, with a windy sigh, the earth drank.

Mr. Lewisohn Proposes Salvation

Mid-Channel. By Ludwig Lewisohn. Harper and Brothers. $3.50.

MR. LEWISOHN'S "Upstream" was a beautifully written and arresting book that attracted attention at the time of its publication for something besides its incontestable merits. It was the record of an American whose spiritual and social career was deflected by the prejudice against a Jew in peace and a German in war. His "The Island Within" was the fictional record of a young intellectual Jew who after wandering among the heathen found himself and found his way home. "Mid-Channel" returns to the autobiographical mode. It is a record of what happened to Mr. Lewisohn since quitting America and since living, essentially an exile, in Vienna and Paris. He, too, has found his core of being, his way of life, and his salvation.

It is difficult to estimate "Mid-Channel" as a work of art—which it must at once be said it decidedly is. Like Goethe's "Poetry and Truth," it is more than the record of a section of a life. It is the meditation of a poet playing over the themes which the intenser occurrences of his own life have suggested to him. It is written in that style at once morally grave, intellectually responsible, and passionately personal which is Mr. Lewisohn's special accomplishment. It is full of etched vignettes of cities and places, Vienna, Paris, Carcassonne, the French Riviera and its induplicable English visitors, French Algiers, Rome, Haute Savoie. It has admirable succinct impressions of persons, Schniztler and Merijkowski, Sisley Huddleston, Thomas Mann, members of the *Nation* group. It is strewn with shrewd and sympathetic understanding of the specific qualities and limitations of French and German life. It says with precision beautiful things about beautiful works of art. But one never thinks of the book itself primarily as a work of art. It is too intensely personal a document. There is probably no distinguished writer in our time for whom the life of the mind is so much an affair of the passions, for whom the intellectual life is a love affair, which the reader is made to share. There is also no writer who is so frankly, sometimes so embarrassingly, and on occasion so annoyingly intimate in his self-revelation. For at least this reviewer the early part of this book was a little too full of Mr. Lewisohn's past marital difficulties and his present domestic felicity.

One breathes a little more easily when Mr. Lewiso passes to the general human issues with which his book is p marily concerned. These issues center for him around discovery at about the age of forty that he was spiritually Jew and his doctrine that only by so finding himself can a intelligent Jew in our time lead a full, clear, and uncorrupt life. For Mr. Lewisohn not only is a return to the traditi of Judaism the only path to clarity and salvation for the J in the modern world. The "ethos" of Judaism, fused with t humane culture of the Greek tradition, is the only salvation f anyone and everyone in the modern world. For Jewish "etho of which he gives, based on Talmudic sources, a poet's beautif *aperçu,* is the only doctrine that has preached at once "natio alism and peace," integrity without infringement. The Gre tradition has "beauty and knowledge"; the Jewish traditi has "a gift for righteousness, humanity, and peace." The futu of civilization, he insists, needs a new synthesis, of Hebrais and Hellenism, "of nature and spirit, of knowledge and righ eousness."

"Is it not true?" he asks, "is it not the chief task to whi the friends of mankind, of whatever blood, should addre themselves?" Mr. Lewisohn's new union of Hellenism a Talmudical Judaism is less a philosophy arrived at than experience passed through. Mr. Lewisohn protests—too mu —that he is above all things a Jew. He is above all thin a writer. He has long traversed with appreciation the huma istic tradition, Greece. He has recently discovered Judea. T the latter he clings, as any exile clings to a tradition that is kind of memory in the blood. Mr. Lewisohn detects that ma Jews are exiles in the modern world; they have never spok its language spiritually without an accent. He feels that mo moderns are exiles, at least from ideality.

But one wonders how seriously he means this, how mu more than literary eloquence there is in his prescription that t way to salvation in the modern world is by turning to trad tional roots rather than to possible flowerings. One wonders ce tainly how seriously readers with a different history, Jews n in exile and Gentiles not disaffected with modernity, will tal Mr. Lewisohn's prescription. Mr. Lewisohn is a romant German as well as a passionate Jew. His morality is one attachment to the sources of one's being in the past, the gold thread of Greece, the silver thread of Judea. The free mir which Mr. Lewisohn himself so often praises, may wish to loo not to its origins but to its purposes. One may argue with M Lewisohn. He provokes argument. But one must read hir and with admiration.

IRWIN EDMAN

Southern Mill Villages

Southern Mill Hills. By Lois Macdonald. New York: Al L. Hillman.

Welfare Work in Mill Villages. By Harriet L. Herrin University of North Carolina. $5.

THE cornerstone of the Southern textile industry, accor ing to M. T. Copeland, a student of the industry, is n raw material, water-power, or low taxation, but "che and tractable labor." Since 1925 over half of the workers in th textile industry have been in the Southern States. Who a these cheap and tractable workers and where do they come from Lois Macdonald supplies a partial answer in her study of thr mill villages, called "Southern Mill Hills." Most Southe mill hands are sons and daughters of the American Revolutio who have exchanged their serfdom as tenant farmers for th mechanical paradise of the mill towns, and who have found th

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adise without flavor. The average wage in the mill villages ere Miss Macdonald lived is $17.04, $16.20, and $18.78. uses rent for from $50 to $200 a year. A typical dinner sists of ham, steak, sausages, three kinds of cake, pickles, l strong coffee. Married women work in the mills and uld be interested in birth control if they knew about it. v mill folk have got beyond the sixth grade. Some read vspapers; a few read true-story, Western, and religious gazines. The interest in the churches is weak, as they are inced and run by the boss and his vassals, while lodges in ich the cotton-mill operative and his wife hold important ces are popular. A popular lodge, the Junior Order of chanics, does not admit Catholics, Jews, or foreigners. It ignificant that the mill hand also regards the distant Chinese l Japanese of the Pacific coast with active suspicion, while boss is "one of ourselves." In spite of this feeling of ality Miss Macdonald found that there was more sentiment than against the union in the three towns where she lived.

The most interesting sections of Miss Macdonald's book l with what she calls the mind of the worker. The chief occupation is the inability to provide for one's family, to nothing of providing for it decently. There is little to ract the worker from this problem. Houses have no fixings l few go to church for sociable purposes. The only thing mill worker can do when life on the mill hill becomes barren is to get up and git, the result being that the average nover in Southern mills is 189.5 per cent as compared with) per cent in Northern mills.

The mill folk are shrewd and philosophical, but their hori- ı is limited to a handful of counties and the varnished mmas of commercial fiction. Sometime it may occur to se restless people to go North or West, where wages are her. If it does the South will find its supply of "cheap and ctable" labor seriously depleted, as it did after the exodus Negro labor during the war. Miss Macdonald's study is ective and human. It is to be regretted that she did not lude life histories of the more important mill types.

Another book on the Southern textile industry is "Welfare ork in Mill Villages" by Harriet L. Herring. Dignified and eccably thorough, it gives no picture of the attitudes of the l worker. Other volumes, sponsored by the University of rth Carolina's Institute of Research, are to follow Miss rring's study.

WINIFRED RAUSHENBUSH

Proletarian Fiction

Million. By Michael Gold. International Publishers. $2.50.

ure Cities. Edited by Joshua Kunitz. International Publishers. $2.50.

MIKE GOLD already has a place in American literature. It is not a great place and yet it is a secure place. He will represent for posterity even more than does for the present the proletarian writer in one of his st curious and genuine forms. There is something candid ut Gold's writing, singularly candid I should say, in which ctation is as alien as elegance. If one should describe Gold's iting as crude, one would have to admit that it is challenging in its very crudity. It is the crudity of the world that is itten into it in its attempt to meet life rather than escape There is a distinction in this respect between the style of ke Gold and that of Jack London or Upton Sinclair who the only two other American writers who fall within the letarian group. All three can be said to have crude styles, l yet there is in London's crudity that sense of cheapness l melodrama which inevitably results from an attempt to soar upon wooden wings; and there is in Sinclair's crudity that element of monotony which results from an undeviating resort to the obvious. Mike Gold's crudity is seldom cheap or obvious. In this sense it is unique. It is never pretentious, and, therefore, can never fall into the absurd; it never ventures complicated themes, and therefore can never fail in their depiction. It is almost primitive in its simplicity.

In such an excellent thing as Death of a Negro, or in The Strange Funeral in Braddock, and Third Degree, parts of Love on a Garbage Dump, The Password to Thought—To Culture, and The Damned Agitator one comes closer to the cancer-ridden core of America which is to be found in the whirl of factories, and the life of the underdog, than in a dozen of the more skilfully written and more finely formed novels of realism which stream from our metropolitan presses every season.

That sentimentality which in places weakens Gold's writing, and which so often tends to undermine the force and beauty of radical literature in general, is successfully escaped in most of the thirteen stories included in the volume of Soviet fiction entitled "Azure Cities." The stories are a clear product of the Bolshevik environment. In one way or another they reveal something of the change that has come over Russian life. There is in them nothing of the introspective morbidity that was written deep into the stories and novels of Goncharov, Dostoevsky, and Tolstoy. Introspection has given way to action. The quietude of life found in Lyeskov's "Cathedral Folk" or Bunin's "Village" has little reality or meaning to the young writer in Russia today. The Russia that made Nezhdanov has changed into the Russia that made Lenin. This change from an introspective to an active literature has meant a change in style as well as substance. The style of Dostoevsky with its eloquent circumlocutions, parenthetic appendages, and slow detail is no longer imitated or practiced. It is a tradition that is now effete. The style of the new school, the style of these stories in "Azure Cities," as is indicated in the excellent introduction by Mr. Kunitz, is a dynamic style, staccato, hurried, and spirited.

In the first story, Alexey Tolstoy's Azure Cities, which is the most striking in the collection, there is embodied in the character of Buzheninov that conflict between reality and vision which is so common in a country at once as revolutionary and yet as backward as Soviet Russia. Buzheninov's final gesture is the last fling of the dreamer suddenly turned madman. In all his dreaminess, however, there is not in Buzheninov the indolent resignation of an Oblomov, but the active frustration of a personality that craves to be creative but is rendered impotent by his environment. In Romanov's Black Fritters, Shishkov's Cranes, two other arresting stories in the volume, different angles of the new marital relations are cleverly portrayed.

"Azure Cities" and "120 Million" are similar in that both are concerned with the characters of the lower classes, peasants, and workers, the one with those in Soviet Russia, and the other with those in America. In "Azure Cities" the revolution is a reality; in "120 Million" it is a prospect. Mike Gold endeavors to link the Russian with the American theme in his proletarian recitations. He has yet to acquire the skill of these Russian writers, and the power that is present very often in their style as well as situations. After all, one can scarcely expect more from the American environment. There is but a small audience here to encourage Gold in his efforts. In Soviet Russia the entire reading population is the audience. In America, everything discourages this approach; in Russia everything fortifies it. Such literature in America therefore is as singular as it is common in Soviet Russia. This condition reflects the contrast in the two civilizations.

V. F. CALVERTON

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A Precious Relic

Keats's Shakespeare: A Descriptive Study Based on New Material. By Caroline F. E. Spurgeon. Oxford University Press. $10.

A STONE'S throw from the English Seminar at Princeton, yet unknown to any Keats specialist, dead to Amy Lowell, her even, there has lain *perdu* for nearly half a century one of the most precious relics of any poet of former times, the set of the Johnson-Stevens edition of Shakespeare which Keats purchased in the spring of 1817 and gave to Joseph Severn shortly before his death. In Severn's possession the books remained till his death in 1879 when shortly after they passed into the library of the present owner, Mr. George Armour. Professor Spurgeon had the good fortune to learn of their existence and the initiative to arrange an interview with Mr. Armour who gave her permission to study her "find" and make a report upon it to the world. How the existence of this Shakespeare remained unknown to the tireless and inquisitive Miss Lowell must remain a mystery.

The discovery does not shed any new light upon Keats's knowledge of, and devotion to, Shakespeare; but it helps us to realize his manner of reading and study. Some of the plays, judging from the crisp, fresh state of the pages, he did not read —at least in this edition, for we must remember that at Hampstead there is another edition owned by him. Other plays show signs of constant reading, though how Miss Spurgeon is able to determine that the finger-marks are those of Keats and not of Severn is not apparent. More conclusive than the evidence of smudges and smears and dog-ears is that of marginal annotation and interlinear scoring and double-scoring. The plays that are most frequently interlined are "The Tempest," "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Measure for Measure," and "Anthony and Cleopatra," while the Hampstead volume (of which Miss Spurgeon includes an account) shows that "Troilus and Cressida" was read with equal care. All such marked passages are transcribed by Miss Spurgeon; and she has been at pains to set in parallel columns the passages so marked in the first two plays mentioned and similar passages in "Endymion." A few of these parallels are close; most reveal but vague resemblances in mood and atmosphere; but all go to show, what we knew already but what is now confirmed, that Keats was steeped in Shakespearean thought and tone and phraseology and metrical cadence.

Occasionally, but not so often as one could wish, Keats set down marginal annotations. Twice these notes are suggested emendations; but more often they are "appreciative" in character; and in a fairly large group of them he registers his opposition to Dr. Johnson. More than once he impatiently scrawls through Johnson's succinct and commonsensical terminal comments. When Johnson comments upon the "absurdities" of "A Winter's Tale," Keats adds: "Lo! fool again!" Elsewhere he adds the exclamation: "Fie!" And again: "Is criticism a true thing?" These few comments reveal Keats's prejudices and his limitations; he was apparently unaware that beneath the stilted phraseology of the great Doctor's diction there was an enthusiasm for Shakespeare as sincere and almost as ardent as the poet's own—an enthusiasm the more remarkable considering the contrasting tastes of Johnson's and Keats's periods.

From the point of view of the poet's life and character rather than his art these volumes are highly significant and very precious. In May, 1817, he wrote to Haydon: "I never quite despair, and I read Shakespeare." This is the very "Shakespeare" to which he referred. The devoted enthusiasm with which he underscored a multitude of passages testifies to his discovery in the plays of an anodyne against the ravages of his love for Fanny Brawne. So regarded, the volumes hav pathetic, a tragic interest.

We regret that Professor Spurgeon, following the lead Mr. Middleton Murry, is inclined to believe that the devot to Milton, which for a while superseded the devotion to Sha speare and produced the magnificent fragment of "Hyperio was an aberration from his true path, "a denial of his r nature." It must be remembered that when Keats first tempted to remold "Hyperion" and then abandoned the attem he was in the clutches of his fatal illness. It is true that expressed the desire to write "a few great plays"—an aspi tion around which Mr. Murry has built up his book entit "Keats and Shakespeare." What Keats aspired to be and v not is Mr. Murry's comfort, and (apparently) Miss Sp geon's. But these scholars must face the accomplished fact the Miltonic "Hyperion"; and most of us will hold that h he lived he would have progressed along the path indicated that lofty fragment.

SAMUEL C. CHEW

Life and Death in Yucatan

Red Tiger. By Phillips Russell. Illustrations by Leon Und wood. Brentano's. $5.

THE hardy annual crop of travel books is upon Books seeking to distil the "lure," "spell," "charm" every place from "unknown" Manhattan to the jung of Amnesia. Most of them are tortured efforts to live up to lure on the jackets. Any variation from the life of High Str becomes an experience. A minor mishap in an exotic setting exalted into an adventure. Picturesqueness is elaborat draped on the color of a street-car conductor's cap, or of tickets he sells.

What constitutes a good travel book? First, it must tra form a subjective experience into dynamic desires within reader. It must galvanize his *Wanderlust.* Second, it m weave its tale on a warp of philosophy, analogy, contrast; sum, against a background of diverse and ripened experien Third, it must deal in all the senses. A purely visual panora is flat, savorless, impalpable. Smell, taste, hearing, touch, a feeling in several varieties, to say nothing of an intuitive si sense, should all be titillated.

"Red Tiger" fulfils all these specifications. It actua wings you to lands distant in space and time on the magic c pet of admirable narration. The warm trade winds car your cheek, the pungent aromas of sun-drenched fertility infl your nostrils, the silences of tropic death and the hum of tro life smite your ears. You finish the book and turn to the s news.

Two artists—Phillips Russell, author, and Leon Und wood, illustrator—shared in these adventures and in th telling. The eighty-odd superb drawings, seven in color, illustrations in the full original meaning of the word. Inspi by the journeys of John L. Stephens, pioneer archaeologist a Americanist, three-quarters of a century ago, the two plung into the Yucatan peninsula, crossed the Isthmus of Tehuan pec, through Tabasco and Chiapas, traveling variously on hor back, in dugout canoe, and in more modern conveyances. Th fished and hunted with Mayas on the myriad isles of the Yu tan coast—amid lagoons as little known to the white man the farthest atolls of the South Pacific. They wandered amo the monuments of the ancient Mayas. They crossed the h ridges of the Sierra Madre. And they render a discerni faithful, sympathetic, and charming picture of a unique a colorful people.

I know of no other book of our time which so complet conveys the atmosphere of Yucatan—from the initial impr

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sion of Mérida as "built of pink and blue cubes" to this profound interpretation:

> In any state of Mexico the fragrance which rides the breeze bears at its end the charnel odor of history, and the gayest music is threaded with a chord of mourning. Even in Yucatan, whose people love pleasure and have no taste for blood, life wears over its shoulder the arm of death. In the tropics there is no annual pageant of spring with its shouting promise, no winter with its kindly rest. There are only two seasons, the wet and the dry, and decay hangs from the same limb that blossoms. Death works beside life in order that life may not be drowned in its own plenitude. Under the spur of moist heat, Nature, with a trowel in one hand and a knife in the other, has no time and no mercy, hurrying that each job may be rushed to completion and then cut down to serve as a base for a new structure. By such a close alternation of life and death men are bound to be influenced in their thoughts. Throughout Mexico we heard two words used more often than any others. They were *bonito,* pretty, and *triste,* sad. A thing is one thing or the other, and sometimes it is both.

"Red Tiger" is one travel book in a hundred.

ERNEST GRUENING

A Lost Leader

John Mitchell. By Elsie Glück. The John Day Company. $3.

WHAT may a student of social institutions expect from the leadership of such institutions? May one hope for an appreciation of the institution as a functioning factor in the economic and social milieu? May one expect an understanding of the psychology of the people with whom the leader must work? May one expect a vitality, a strength of purpose? May one expect a reasoned social philosophy? Or are these too many things to expect from one person? Is a leader after all only one who is made by the strange slip in the threads of destiny, to be unmade when new forces have woven a new set of threads?

These are a few of the questions that arise in the mind of the reviewer as she reads the story of John Mitchell, a miner who was able to leave the mines himself, but was never able to completely dissociate himself from the life-stream of the miners. The biography is an excellent presentation of the economic background of American life in the eighties and nineties. It is more than that. It is a tale of the forces that created a leader, a man limited to be sure in the essentials of greatness but not unaware of the daily problems, maneuvers, and struggles of the American workers; who was loved and hated by them in turn. Curiously, it is the sort of story that might be written about any American business man —years of hard work, compromise, neglect of family and personal life, success, praise, boredom, and neither soul nor philosophy with which to buoy up life and give it meaning.

John Mitchell built an organization in an industry that was widely scattered over the country, having a heterogeneous working population, with a variety of skills; an industry, too, that was so essential in the increasing industrial complexity of the country that it was indissolubly bound up with local politics. It was a trade union beaten out of the chaos of a period of American industrial development, possessing neither rhyme nor reason; and the weapons used were the strikes, the agreements, the compromises, the arbitrations, the cajoleries which leaders must perforce use. After all was suffered and said and done, and an industrial union was born with an industrial agreement affecting the working conditions of miners in bituminous and anthracite fields, Mitchell was prepared to scrap all that he built during those ten years of leadership because a new crisis had arisen and he was unprepared to face it, either with a philosophy or an understanding of the real function of the labor movement.

One may hazard the guess that the present plight of the United Mine Workers—once a most aggressive and progressive movement—might have been averted had the leadership been able to chart the seas over which it was directing the organization. As it turned out the leaders were simply on their way; they did not quite know or care where they were going; and they lost their way. Miss Glück has given the student of the labor movement an excellent picture of this process through her factual portrayal of one of its outstanding leaders; and if one is depressed as to the fate of the American labor movement, it is because of her description of its best.

THERESA WOLFSON

Clark's Conquests

The Life of George Rogers Clark. By J. A. James. University of Chicago Press. $5.

THE name of George Rogers Clark is familiar to every American. It is connected with the capture of Kaskaskia and Vincennes, and with heroism; but there most people's information ends. Among a much smaller circle it invokes controversy. Did he win the Northwest for the United States? Was he skilful or lucky? Are his writings reliable or the romantic drivelings of old age? Roosevelt had little use for him; Thwaites defended him. Professor James has made Clark and these controversies his study for twenty years. He has drawn upon the libraries of all the United States, of France, Canada, England, and Spain. The result is the emergence of a figure back of the historical events, unusual, picturesque, but understandable, and a presentation of the evidence as to the controversies which either settles them or leaves them in a suspense that is likely to prove permanent.

The author finds Clark born to a position which put him as a public figure a peg above Daniel Boone. His schooling was slight, but he loved to read and ultimately sank his native terseness of expression in an exaggeration of the periodicity of his day. He was a natural leader of men, holding them by integrity, elan, and ingenuity in meeting obstacles. He had a wide and fine imagination; he was an undoubted genius in Indian affairs, he conceived great strategies, he saw history and natural history in the large. He was a good administrator in rough days, but he was totally lacking in the art of competitive politics. He took no advantage of the political opening offered him by the high opinion of such men as Patrick Henry, George Mason, and Jefferson. He was jockeyed out of his position in Kentucky by the wily Wilkinson. In his disappointment he took to drink; but not in such a way as to bar, at least for a number of years, a return had fortune favored him. That he sought such an opportunity in relations with Spain and France was but natural at the time and the place. The author firmly establishes his patriotism.

Professor James seems to the reviewer definitely to establish the authenticity of Clark's "Memoir" as against the criticisms of Roosevelt. He demolishes the tale of Clark's irreconcilable bitterness against the United States, as well as that of his complete demoralization by dissipation. On the mooted question of the actual effect of Clark's conquests on the cession of that region to us in the Treaty of Paris of 1783, he honestly admits that there is no conclusive answer.

Full value is given to the picturesque and heroic story of Clark's great achievements. It is both a strength and a weakness of the book that Clark is wrapped around to such an

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extent in an elaboration of the background of his acts. The book constitutes, in fact, an admirable survey of the whole Revolution in the West. In numbers of chapters the name of Clark scarcely appears. Of interest to scholar and general reader alike is the figure of Oliver Pollock, without whose financial support the American cause in the Mississippi Valley would have failed, which emerges for the first time into historical writing as real and substantial. One welcomes Professor James's promise of still further treatment of him.

The story has intrinsically a haunting character, which is due, in part to the personality of Clark, in part to the complex of motives and forces of which he was one, and in part to his fate. The reviewer, having laid the book down, cannot rid himself of the picture of this attractive, gifted, sensitive person broken by the rough treatment of two nations. How difficult it is for a republic to be kind or to act like a gentleman.

CARL RUSSELL FISH

Germany and Her Creditors

Germany Under the Dawes Plan. Origin, Legal Foundations, and Economic Effects of the Reparation Payments. By Max Sering. Translated by S. Milton Hart. P. S. King and Son. 10s. 6d.

WHATEVER will be the outcome of the 1929 Reparation Conference in Paris, this book of the well-known German agricultural economist will prove to be of lasting interest. His argument runs abouts as follows: The Dawes Committee fully realized that a country whose invisible exports are slight can pay tribute only in so far as its production exceeds its own essential requirements. But Germany's trade balance since the war has been even more adverse than before the war. This is not due, as many people believe, to the influx of foreign capital but rather to the loss of territory and to the political impediments to Germany's foreign trade. The principal means of replacing the deficit in production caused by loss of territory is intensification of agriculture, which, however, is severely hampered by heavy taxation and by high rates of interest. The payment of reparations was and will be possible only by borrowing the necessary funds abroad. But it cannot be expected that sufficient foreign loans will be indefinitely granted to Germany. With the cessation of foreign loans, however, the forces which have helped to set German economy going will be paralyzed.

Sering's analysis of Germany's economic situation is excellent. It is to be regretted that he did not confine himself to this analysis. His discussion of Germany's political relations with her former enemies lacks objectivity and will lessen the influence upon public opinion which this otherwise genuinely scientific book might have gained.

R. R. KUCZYNSKI

Books in Brief

The Tragic Empress. By Maurice Paléologue. Harper and Brothers. $3.50.

At various intervals covering almost twenty years (1901-1919) Mr. Paléologue played the part of Boswell to the Empress Eugénie, listening avidly to her flaming memories of her proud and bitter past as the consort of Napoleon III, and then hurrying off to jot down his notes while they were still hot. Sometimes, indeed, he out-Boswells Boswell in the persistent insertion of his own dialectical oar. The result is a series of fairly animated and illuminating dialogues on the period covering the Second Empire.

Wage Arbitration. By George Soule. The Macmillan Company. $2.

The public has become so accustomed to think of the labor struggle in terms of strikes, picket-lines, and company guards that the war of statistics and persuasion before arbitration boards is comparatively unknown. In that small area of American industry where organized labor is strong enough to force arbitration of its demands a body of significant industrial practice has been developing for several years. Mr. Soule describes that practice by taking case material from arbitration hearings in the railroad, printing, packing, and clothing industries from 1920 to 1924. The arguments of both employers and unions are summarized briefly and clearly. The net impression is an increased conviction of the importance of the economic expert in settling disputes. Gone are the days when a business agent with a big fist and a grim jaw can fight the workers' battles adequately in an organized industry. Here is the place for the labor economist who can talk familiarly of family budgets and cost accounting.

The Great Galilean. By Robert Keable. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

Mr. Keable, whose "Simon Called Peter" achieved no little notoriety a few years ago, finished, just before his death in 1927, this book about Jesus. In it he makes a series of propositions: that we know practically nothing about the life of Jesus; that the traditional account of Jesus is a myth; that it is a beautiful and valuable myth and should be preserved; that Jesus was probably in favor of free love; that the teachings of Jesus if taken seriously would revolutionize the world; that the Christian ministry rarely preaches the true gospel. The conclusion of his argument is that we should follow the teachings of the historic Jesus while continuing the worship of the traditional Christ. There is much in the book that is dubious and a little that is fantastic, but there is also a great deal that is perfectly true. The part that is true is commonplace to New Testament scholars, but the facts are of the kind that scholars either discuss learnedly or pass over hurriedly. Mr. Keable has stated them flatly, even sensationally, and yet with considerable reverence and a disarming loftiness of purpose. His book, as a result, may stimulate a little thought in the minds of people who have never understood quite how devastating the conclusions of the scholars really are. As for Mr. Keable's suggestion that the Christ-myth should be preserved for purposes of worship, it reminds one of the description of another Anglo-Catholic: "He believes," said a friend, "that there is no God and that the Virgin Mary is his mother."

Music

The Dying Season

SYMPHONICALLY speaking, the past season has been a most active one, but, with the exception of certain weeks in which Mr. Toscanini and his Boston and Philadelphia confrères appeared, not a season of great interest or appeal. In the first place, the merging of the New York Symphony and Philharmonic orchestras, though it may have been a practical necessity, does not seem to have produced the finely balanced organization that was expected. The orchestra is at present inferior in the blending of its choirs, in its quality and depth of tone (especially in the string section), to both the Philadelphia and Boston organizations. Indeed, the vitality and elan of Mr. Toscanini's personality were needed to arouse the orchestra

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"Surely the Greatest of all War Books."—*Manchester Guardian*

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT

By ERICH MARIA REMARQUE

Here at last is the great War novel for which the world has been waiting. Its author, a young German of French extraction, enlisted in the infantry as a boy of eighteen and served on the Western Front throughout the War. He speaks for a whole generation—that generation of all the combatant nations whose life was destroyed in its springtime—even if it escaped actual death. In his book we see the life of the common soldier in all its phases—in the trenches, behind the lines, in hospital, at home on leave among civilians. It is a book of terrible experiences, at times crude because of the necessity of telling the absolute truth, at times rising to an almost incredible degree of tragedy, and at times relieved by humorous incidents and examples of rough good-comradeship. It breaks, after ten years, the conspiracy of silence maintained by the men who returned from the War.

530,000 copies have been sold in Germany!

Walter von Molo, President of the German Academy of Letters, says: "Let this book go into every home that has suffered no loss in the War, and to every home that had to sacrifice any of its kindred, for these are the words of the dead, the testament of all the fallen, addressed to the living of all nations."

Bruno Frank says: "Out of his common grave speaks the Unknown Warrior. . . . Let it make its way over the whole world."

Already nine large printings in England!

Hugh Walpole says: "It is a remarkable German book about the War. Here is the first picture we have had of the German soldier's soul—truthful, terrible, and oddly universal."

T. P.'s Weekly says: "Here is the greatest of war-books, the epic of the infantryman, the saga of the Western Front! I cry 'Comrade' to this writer who has interpreted the soul of the common soldier and exposed the tremendous horror and heroism, the incredible fury and folly of war."

First printing in America 100,000 copies!

The June Book-of-the-Month Club Selection!

Christopher Morley in The Saturday Review of Literature says: "I should like to see it sell a million copies. It is, to me, the greatest book about the War that I have yet seen; greatest by virtue of its blasting simplicity. . . . The quiet honesty of its tone, its complete human candor, the fine vulgarity of its plain truth (plainly and beautifully translated) make it supreme. . . . I regard any mature reader who has a chance to read this book and does not, and who, having read it, does not pass it on among a dozen others, as a traitor to humanity."

Translated by A. W. Wheen. $2.50 at all Booksellers.

Boston LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY Publishers

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from the lethargy of mediocrity which had marked it during the earlier part of the season.

The system of guest conductorship seems to have worked out especially unsuccessfully with this orchestra during the past winter, and, although we are assured that next season the number of leaders will be limited to three, it is to be hoped that eventually some sufficiently distinguished conductor will be persuaded to undertake the entire direction of the organization. Next season's experience may likewise determine whether the personnel of the orchestra could be improved in other ways, or whether this seeming inferiority is wholly due to over-frequent change of leadership. In this connection we must regret the resignation of Mr. Damrosch since, apart from other qualifications, he has always been an admirable program maker, and one of the few conductors who has done thorough justice to the modern French school.

Many novelties have been presented during recent months but very few were worthy of the distinction conferred. Mr. Gatti-Casazza, it is said, will produce no new works at the opera next season, for the reason that he has not found examples of sufficiently high merit. Possibly some of our symphonic directors might do well to lean further in the same direction. It is significant that a season which has produced an unusually large number of uninteresting and ephemeral novelties has to some extent at least neglected the romantic school and many of the most interesting composers of our national schools of today and yesterday.

While we have heard Bloch's rhapsody of America and Respighi's over-noisy "Festa Romana," not to mention the much-discussed Atterberg symphony, the programs have all but forgotten the Weber and Mendelssohn overtures and Schumann's symphonies; and it is noteworthy that the sixth, seventh, and eighth of Beethoven have lacked performance, while Debussy, Caesar Franck, Chausson, and Tchaikowsky have been almost entirely neglected. On the other hand there has been much duplication of certain works of Brahms, Beethoven, and others. This perhaps cannot be avoided, but it seems as if more collaboration between conductors might be possible, both to lessen repetition and to achieve a more wholly inclusive and diversified repertoire. The really notable developments in the orchestral world were contributed by Toscanini, Kussewitzky, and Stokowsky.

If the symphonic season has had its disappointments and shortcomings, the opera, on the other hand, has never been more satisfactory for general excellence of performance and attention to detail. Such a work as "Fra Gherardo," requiring endless nicety of ensemble and adjustment, was given a production little short of perfect, such as could not have been imagined in the old days of the star system. "La Campana sommersa," "Jonny," and "Egyptian Helen" were almost of equal excellence.

With a few exceptions, the day of superlative singers seems to be past, and the present roster of the Metropolitan contains one or two names that do not shed any luster on the institution. While a greater number and variety of works are performed, there are certain schools, such as the French and Russian, that have been insufficiently represented. We are glad to know that "Sadko" will be among the operas given next season, but we could wish that another French opera besides "Louise" could find its place in the list. We are tempted, too, to ask why a revival such as Weber's "Oberon," given most successfully with Ponselle in the title role a few years ago, should not, with this year's production of "Freischütz," keep its place in the permanent repertoire. We realize, of course, that many questions enter into the choice of the operatic program, but we wish to put in a special plea for these somewhat neglected masterworks. Indeed it is to be hoped that eventually our metropolitan stage, while keeping its present excellence of production and performance, will gain an even more widely diversified repertoire, neglecting none of the important national schools, and including among its singers an adequate number of representatives of these schools.

Chorally, New York has gone backward rather than forward during the last few years. The Oratorio Society has kept up the excellent traditions of the past, and the Friends of Music have done distinguished service in the field of special choral works. Thanks to Mr. Schindler's efforts, the Schola Cantorum, though no longer under his direction, continues to offer interesting folk-songs and musical rarities. The Schola Cantorum's aims are far above its performances, however, and this through no fault of conductors, but rather for lack of material. But what is most missed is Mr. Frank Damrosch's Musical Art Society, which combined the choral excellence of all these organizations, and whose body was made up of singers of singular excellence and experience.

In the field of opéra-comique comment has already been made in this column on the admirable efforts of the Little Opera Company. We should like once more to call to the attention of this company the charming operetta, almost unknown to the younger generation but beloved of our grandmothers, known as "La Fille de Mme Angot." It is doubtful whether any more delightful example of light opera exists, and even in translated form it should be enthusiastically received on this side of the water. It is often said that the Gallic spirit in art and production is difficult to transport beyond the shores of France, perhaps because Americans are not fully acquainted with French traditions. For this reason, if for no other, the American Conservatoire at Fontainebleau is a most important enterprise, and deserves the wholehearted support of music lovers in this country. The French are giving their best artists and teachers to this institution as a proof of friendship for America, and it is only fair that we in return give our most promising students as well as the widest publicity to the idea itself. Perhaps, indeed, this fuller understanding of other national schools and traditions will help us in the task of guiding our own thought and feeling into the channel of a truly American school of composition.

LAWRENCE ADLER

Drama

Epitaph—II

THE Pulitzer prize committee pinned its medal upon Elmer Rice's "Street Scene," and I have no particular quarrels with its choice of a play which not only has considerable merit but which managed, also, to please a large public. When the piece was produced I remarked that its rather prosy, slice-of-life naturalism seemed to me the result of a decidedly dubious aesthetic creed, and I have not changed my opinion on that score. But Mr. Rice, partly at least because he happens to be an excellent showman, has succeeded remarkably well in escaping the pitfalls into which his creed is likely to lead those who embrace it. His tendency to substitute the composite photograph for the portrait has been sufficiently checked to permit a certain individuality to remain in his dramatis personae, and his theatrical instinct has told him how to inject a good deal of the melodramatic excitement well calculated to hold the attention just at the moment when doctrinaire naturalism is sinking into dulness. "Street Scene" is not a great play. Perhaps it is not even a play wholly free from the influence of conventional theatricalism. But it is a first-rate example of what can be done in adapting the results of literary experimentation to the needs of the commercial theater. Ten years ago something very like it might well have been the

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much-discussed failure of one of the revolutionary groups. Today it is a Broadway success.

Commonly mentioned as a possible candidate for the same prize was Philip Barry's delightfully insubstantial comedy "Holiday," which I am inclined to rank very high among the season's plays in spite of the fact that it is not "about" much of anything in particular. There is not another American playwright capable of writing dialogue quite so bubblingly delightful or so easily natural as that which Mr. Barry gives his characters, and few if any who move so easily in the atmosphere of polite comedy. But gravity is a very valuable quality for would-be prize winners and the very fact that "Holiday" has only its charm to recommend it was probably sufficient to swing the balance.

None of the other four plays of the season which come readily to my mind won anything like the measure of popular success accorded to the two already mentioned, but each had some originality in the conception or the execution which set it definitely apart from the common run of machine-made dramas. Samuel Raphaelson's "Young Love" treated a very difficult subject with extraordinary skill and made first-rate comedy out of a situation which in any ordinary hands would have descended to the level of the Sunday Magazine feature; Sophie Treadwell's "Machinal" gave an original "expressionistic" treatment to the story of a murder; and the Anderson-Hickerson "Gods of the Lightning" was lifted far above the level of the ordinary propaganda play by the power of its inflammatory eloquence.

There remains only O'Neill's mystically fervent "Dynamo" which was greeted with a howl of derision from the majority of those who write on the current theater. That it is not equal to the best of its author's other plays I am ready to admit, but it is far from demonstrating, as some commentators declared, any digression to an infantile level. The truth of the matter is simply this: O'Neill is not and never can be a popular dramatist. Hundreds of people temperamentally incapable of concerning themselves with the problems which concern him were intimidated into expressing an admiration which they did not deeply feel, and it was inevitable under the circumstances that sooner or later they should revolt. With a sort of relief they seized upon the opportunity which their failure to comprehend the meaning of "Dynamo" gave them, and they poured upon it their accumulated scorn. The play may or may not be important in the development of O'Neill's genius but it will be very important in the history of his fame. Henceforward only those who really like his work will be compelled to praise him.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

Hungary's Frontiers

By EMERY DERI

HUNGARIANS in America have recently launched a nation-wide movement to enlighten American public opinion in regard to the crude injustice done to Hungary by the Treaty of the Trianon and to enlist the moral aid of this country in the battle which has been going on for some time for its revision. Although the Hungarians —like every nationality in America—are usually divided into groups fighting one another, they have given this movement unanimous backing. The World Association of Overseas Hungarians has been formed to direct the campaign for justice and is about to hold a convention in Buffalo to discuss the details of the whole movement. One can safely say that almost all of the 750,000 Hungarians in America are backing this movement, revolutionaries as well as conservatives.

The campaign for revision is based upon the "mantle note" of M. Clemenceau, sent to the Hungarian Government at the time when the peace treaty was signed in the Grand Trianon at Versailles. The note pointed out that the frontiers established in the peace treaty between Hungary and her neighbors were not necessarily final and might be revised at a future date. Ever since the signing of the Treaty of the Trianon the Hungarian nation has demanded a revision of the treaty, but revolutionary upheavals have prevented the launching of a concentrated move in this direction. Only about one and a half years ago, when Lord Rothermere, the British publisher, started a campaign in his newspaper for a revision of the treaty, did the movement gain a new impetus and become a dominating factor in Hungarian politics.

There can be no doubt that the Treaty of the Trianon is the most unjust and unfortunate among all the treaties concluding the World War. No country fared so badly at the peace conference as Hungary. The treaty deprived the country of two-thirds of its territory. Out of its 21,000,000 inhabitants not more than 8,000,000 were left. All raw materials necessary for industrial production have been taken away. The country has been left without coal, timber, salt, iron, and ore. Railroad connections have been changed so that the natural flow and exchange of goods has become impossible. All this was done under the pretext of creating national states in the place of the 1,000-year-old Hungary with its many nationalities.

More than 3,000,000 Magyars have come under foreign rule and with them 1,500,000 Germans, who had formerly lived within the boundaries of pre-war Hungary, have become subjects of Rumania, Czecho-Slovakia, or Jugoslavia. This means that instead of creating national states, the peace treaty created three states in which the population is largely made up of different nationalities. Czecho-Slovakia is a country of five nationalities—Czechs, Slovaks, Magyars, Germans, White Russians—and the Czechs are in the minority although they represent the ruling race. Rumania, a purely national state before the war, was confronted with a grave and almost unsolvable nationality problem. Even the Jugoslavs have been unable to cope with the nationality problem. Before the war Europe had one Alsace-Lorraine. The mutilation of Hungary created three new Alsace-Lorraines.

The ten years which have passed since the end of the World War have proved that the new situation created in Central Europe is untenable—and not only from a purely Hungarian point of view. First of all, the theory on which the peace treaty was based, namely, that the Slovaks and the Czechs and the Jugoslavs and the Croats are the same race, proved to be untrue. The Slovaks are suffering under the oppression of the Czechs and are constantly accusing the Czechs of suppressing them much more severely than the Hungarian regime had ever done. They have gone so far as to demand a complete Slovak autonomy. Some of their leaders have been imprisoned. Others fled the country and started a movement for the foundation of a new Slovakian republic. The Germans are in a still worse situation, particularly in the East, where they do not enjoy the moral and cultural backing of the still powerful Germany. The Croatian situation is well known. The Rumanians introduced into Transylvania, where all the three nationalities lived peacefully and enjoyed more or less full cultural rights under the Hungarian regime, an Asiatic rule of ruthless oppression, persecution, graft, and open thievery. Even the Rumanians of Transylvania were in open revolution until M. Maniu swung himself into power. The situation is not much better under his regime.

The position of Hungarians under foreign rule is tragic. The racial and cultural oppression introduced by the Czechs and Rumanians is without precedent in the history of the world. Estates were confiscated, theaters and universities closed, leaders imprisoned. There are practically no political rights. Not one single Hungarian newspaper printed outside of the country is permitted to enter. Hungarian books, Hungarian theatrical companies are barred. Hungarians have become pariahs and cannot even turn to the League of Nations for help for fear of retaliation.

Moreover, pre-war Hungary was an economic unit. The breaking up of this unit coupled with the erection of high-tariff walls is in part responsible for the pathetic economic situation of Central Europe.

The Government is not backing the revisionist movement, mainly because it does not wish to come into an embarrassing position. In Hungary the movement is entirely a social one, backed by all parties and particularly by the Liberals, who hope that the natural consequences of the revision will be a democratization and a liberalization of the present political regime. The parties, of course, are of divergent opinion as to what and how much to demand. The Nationalists and Fascists dream of getting back all the lost territories. The majority of the nation, however, is much more sober. What they demand is those purely Hungarian territories, which are situated near the border and which the Treaty of the Trianon gave to Hungarian neighbors for military reasons. But they demand, at the same time, that a more humane treatment be accorded Hungarian minorities living under foreign rule.

Hungary cannot and does not contemplate military action. It hopes to convince the world by the means of argument that the present situation is untenable not only for Hungary, but for the world.

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High Financing in Panama

By L. C. FOX

THE unique spectacle of one of the world's largest and most conservative banking institutions lending publicity, aid, and encouragement to a cheap gambling concession is now a matter of record in Panama.

The event, widely advertised, was celebrated with all the pomp and ceremony characteristic of an important function of state. Colonel Harry Burgess, Governor of the Panama Canal, and Mrs. Burgess, Captain Clark H. Woodward, U. S. N., marine superintendent of the Panama Canal, and Mrs. Woodward, and officials of the National City Bank of New York honored the occasion with their presence. Major General Malin Craig, commanding general of the United States forces in the Canal Zone, was expected to attend, but he did not put in an appearance.

The event was a special match race held at Kennelworth Park where greyhound dogs nightly chase a mechanical rabbit while thousands of spectators clamor around the betting booths in an attempt to win some easy money.

For this special race the National City Bank presented a silver cup and a blanket of choice flowers and the event bore the name of the bank. A past queen of the Panama carnival and an official of the bank occupied the judges' stand and presented the trophy and the floral blanket to the winning dog.

To those not privy to modern banking methods, such procedure might appear mysterious, and old-fashioned bankers might frown upon the practice of a world-famous banking institution aiding and abetting a purely gambling venture. The situation, however, becomes explicable when it is known that the greyhound gambling concession is controlled by Tomas Gabriel Duque, Secretary of Finance, with whom the National City Bank must deal in its financial relations with the republic.

The National City, sometimes facetiously referred to as the proprietor of Panama, has several million dollars out on loans to this country. Although it was not even considered a bidder and although another institution had in fact been declared the successful bidder, the National City at the close of the Chiari administration last summer succeeded in getting the contract for lending Panama $12,000,000, with the privilege of lending $4,000,000 more at a later date. Since then it has also lent Banco Nacional several small sums of $100,000 to enable the national government to pay its employees their salaries.

Soon the government will be told by a National City commission of experts how to conduct its financial affairs and a special session of the National Assembly, to convene, so it is humorously stated, at the call of the National City, will give weighty consideration to the report submitted by the financial geniuses after a comprehensive study of the republic and its resources and expenditures.

In banking, as in other modern endeavors, the game must be played, and one way of playing the money is to humor and placate the country's finance minister. No doubt, therefore, the National City will recoup the money it spent on the silver cup and blanket of flowers donated to the winning dog at Mr. Duque's profitable plant.

Next Week

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